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LORD JOHN RUSSELL AT ABERDEEN.

ALTHOUGH different estimates may be formed of Lord JOHN RUSSELL's character and public services, even his enemies, if he has any, will admit that the freedom of a Scotch burgh is not an extravagant tribute to his merits as a statesman. The Town Council of Aberdeen was right in paying him the compliment, and it was but natural that the presentation of the civic franchise should be acknowledged by a general statement of political opinions and intentions. The historical and autobiographical exordium which has long been familiar to Lord JOHN RUSSELL's admirers was judiciously condensed into a declaration that, after giving full religious liberty to his countrymen, he was only able, in 1832, to provide them with an approximately perfect Parliamentary representation. It is perfectly natural that when a well-known scene is recalled after a long series of years, the principal feature of cliff or mountain should become gradually more prominent, while the accessories fade from recollection. There was a time when Lord JOHN RUSSELL remembered that he was not even a member of the Cabinet which allowed him the honour of introducing the Reform Bill. It was as the subordinate colleague of Lord GREY, Lord ALTHORP, and Sir JAMES GRAHAM that he formerly claimed a share in the confidence and gratitude of the country; but his subsequent eminence has shed a lustre backwards on his earlier career, and several hundred speeches of modest self-assertion have become gradually more exclusive in the monopoly of reforming merit. Lord GREY and the rest have passed into the background and out of sight; and, as a late First Lord of the Admiralty rebuilt the navy out of his own pocket, Lord JOHN RUSSELL has all but completed the edifice of civil and religious freedom by his own unassisted energies. It seems that, through the fault of others, or under the pressure of unavoidable difficulties, his task is still but imperfectly accomplished; and it is fortunate that the authorized architect is still at hand to carry out the repairs and improvements which are necessary for the realization of his own original conceptions.

The part of Lord JOHN RUSSELL's speech which was devoted to the future Reform Bill was rather deprecatory and apologetic than sanguine. The householder who discovered the loose tile on his roof has perhaps found cause to wish that he had patched up the defect without sending for the contractor, who has ever since covered his premises with scaffolding and materials. Lord JOHN RUSSELL has read Mr. BRIGHT's speeches, and he has, perhaps, reflected on the London strike, on the municipal revelations of Newcastle, and on the disclosures of the Gloucester Commission. Nothing could be more judicious than his protest against the scheme, which might be carried out by a surveyor's clerk, of carving out the country into electoral districts, with equal constituencies of 40,000 or 50,000. The only leading politician, except Lord JOHN himself, who seems really to wish for reform in Parliament, has repeatedly declared that his object is not a mere nominal change, but a revolution in the administration of the country and a new distribution of property. Mr. BRIGHT is more logical and consistent than the reformers who only clamour for a Reform Bill, as if it were to be the end and consummation of their wishes. If the non-electors are likely to return the same members who at present constitute the House of Commons, there is no reason for any enthusiastic agitation in favour of an extended suffrage. Lord JOHN RUSSELL is perhaps beginning to suspect that the result will be more serious, and to fear that the crowning work of his life may not be a mere nugatory fiction. The corruption which at present prevails in boroughs is confined to the lowest class of the householders who are already admitted by the ten-pound franchise. It is impossible to doubt that a lower standard

will let in an inferior constituency; and although the mechanics may be less open to bribery than the humblest class of shopkeepers, the dictation of the trades unions will be far more dangerous than the meaner influence of the beer-house. The general meaning of Lord JOHN RUSSELL's remarks on representation was equivalent to an argument against the redemption of his own pledges; and as it is certain that he will nevertheless bring forward a Reform Bill in the next session, it may be hoped that he will be disposed to yield to the suggestions of his more prudent and unambitious colleagues. As the Cabinet is probably almost unanimous in regretting the necessity of the measure, its members ought to have the courage to render it, as far as possible, innocuous.

The assembly at Aberdeen probably felt, like the rest of the community, a far more lively interest in the Italian negotiations than in the Reform Bill which it was their duty to demand and their instinct to disregard. It was of course impossible that the Foreign Minister should communicate to his audience the exact condition of a question which is probably at present far from a definitive solution; but on this point at least Lord JOHN RUSSELL worthily represents the unanimous policy of England. During the war, his Italian sympathies inclined him too much to the cause of French aggression; but since the Peace of Villafranca, the one-sided zeal of enthusiasts has subsided into a consistent anxiety for Italian independence. It was the great error of Lord DERBY and Lord MALMESBURY to concentrate their indignation on the patriotic irregularities of Sardinian diplomacy. The present Government has to deal, not with established Governments complaining of Piedmontese intrigues, but with populations practically free and governing themselves, who desire to form part of a national and substantive State. It is the right and the duty of England to recognise *de facto* Governments as soon as they have proved that they are sufficiently popular and strong to give a fair chance of permanence. The redistribution of territory in Europe depends, not on legal right, but on the interest of those who are immediately concerned, as long as the security of other States is not menaced by any undue preponderance of strength. Lord JOHN RUSSELL's language seems to indicate that the Government has taken a correct view of the present condition of Italy. He declares that he will have nothing to do with a Congress which is not pledged to regard the wishes of the people which is to be affected by its decisions; and, as the determination of the Central Italians has been unmistakably expressed, it may be supposed that the English Cabinet is prepared to acquiesce in the annexation of the Duchies, if not of the Legations, to Piedmont. It may be observed at the same time that no sanguine hope of a favourable result is expressed. Lord JOHN RUSSELL is still confident that neither French nor Austrian troops will be employed to restore the banished dynasties in Tuscany and in Modena. He probably feels no similar confidence in the suspension of French intrigues, and he may perhaps be aware that the newly-allied despots hope still to effect the suppression of Italian liberty by the congenial jugglery of universal suffrage. It may not perhaps be in the power of England to enforce the immediate liberation of Italy from foreign influence, and there is a special difficulty in the interference of a Protestant Power with the iniquitous pretensions of Rome; yet it must not be supposed that an English Government is powerless, even in the midst of absolutist compromises and conspiracies. It is only by a general Congress that any new arrangement can be brought within the guarantees of European public law, and on the meeting of any such assembly England can practically exercise a veto.

There is reason to hope that the present Ministers may not be unequal to the occasion. Lord JOHN RUSSELL's casual defi-

ciencies in tact and in firmness will be corrected by his own genuine sympathy with the Italian cause, as well as by the experience and ability of his chief. Mr. GLADSTONE'S impulses will for once coincide with sound policy, and there is no reason to suppose that any of the leading members of the Cabinet are influenced by any unfriendly intentions towards Italy. If the Government steadily looks to the creation of a strong Italian Monarchy, setting aside all secondary considerations, it seems possible that a combination so rational and simple may at last, notwithstanding Austrian jealousies and French intrigues, be practically accomplished. Lord JOHN RUSSELL perhaps laid undue stress, in his speech at Aberdeen, on the good conduct of the Central Italian populations during the recent crisis. It would be for the interest of Europe that France and Austria should be excluded from the Peninsula, even if the new kingdom were to approximate to the oppression of Venetia, or to the anarchy of the Papal Government. It is not the business of England to protect the Italians from themselves, but to relieve them, if possible, from foreign interference. If Lord JOHN RUSSELL can assist in the attainment of a result so earnestly desired by his countrymen, he will almost deserve an amnesty for the mischief which he has occasioned by his fidgety advocacy of unnecessary reforms.

DOCKYARD ECONOMY.

NO one who reads the Report of the Committee on Dockyard Expenditure will feel at all surprised at the reluctance of two successive Boards of Admiralty to sanction its publication. The instructions for the inquiry were issued as long since as the beginning of July, 1858. The Report was announced as nearly ready in February last, and about once a week during the remainder of the session poor Sir JOHN PAKINGTON had to give the same stereotyped answer to the impatient inquiries of Lord CLARENCE PAGET and a host of other tormentors who then occupied the uneasy benches on the Opposition side of the House. As regularly as any naval topic came on for discussion, up jumped some nautical or semi-nautical member with the question, "Is that Report 'ready yet?'" and "Coming, sir, coming," dropped as glibly from the First Lord as from the lips of a tavern waiter. The change of Ministry made no difference, except that now it was Sir JOHN who grew impatient for the Report, and Lord CLARENCE who took up the cry of "Coming." It has really come at last; and we have not only the Report itself, but the answer of Mr. CHATFIELD, the Master Shipwright of Deptford, who dissented from his colleagues' views, and the reply of the majority of the Committee, and the retort of Mr. CHATFIELD, and the remarks of the Surveyor of the Navy, and the observations of the Storekeeper-General, and the criticisms of the Director of Works. The opinions of these various authorities may be briefly summed up by saying that such of them as are connected with the ship-building department of the dockyards consider the existing organization substantially perfect; while the majority of the Committee—comprising an admiral, a storekeeper, one naval, and one civil engineer—are unanimously of opinion that the system is wrong in almost every possible particular, and have had the audacity to recommend that a few intelligent dockyard officers should be sent to the yards of private builders to learn the methods there employed for economizing labour. Unfortunately, the Report is not accompanied by the evidence on which it is founded; and it is, therefore, not easy to say whether the Committee are right in attributing the defective working of the dockyards to the faults of the system, rather than to the incompetence of those by whom it has been worked. But, whatever may be the immediate cause, the fact of enormous waste, which the official answers have entirely failed to explain, is placed at last beyond the possibility of doubt.

The Committee appear disposed to do justice to such merits as the dockyard administration possesses. They report that the work done in the dockyards is unquestionably of the best quality, and that, when the task-work system is used, the rapidity with which any special work can be executed is very satisfactory. But the cost is quite appalling; and without following the Report into all its details, it is difficult to convey any adequate idea of the systematic waste of money which has been acquiesced in by the officials of every grade, as if it were an immutable law of nature that the Government must pay twice as much for what it wants as any private purchaser would need to do. A few of the facts recorded by the Committee will speak for themselves. Be-

tween the years 1855 and 1858, eight corvettes of 1462 tons each were launched at the different dockyards. About the same time, two vessels of the same class, the *Tartar* and the *Cossack*, were being built by contract for the Emperor of RUSSIA, and were seized, when nearly finished, for the use of the British Government. Mr. MAXWELL, the manager at the Northfleet yard, where these two ships were built, had, it appears, been formerly engaged in the public service, and knew well the style in which ships were required to be fitted for the navy. He stated that the cost of the shipwrights' work on the *Tartar* and *Cossack* was about 48s. per ton, and that for 4s. per ton more he could have fitted them complete for sea, with all the appliances required by the naval regulations. The eight similar ships built in the Royal Dockyards cost for labour, on an average, 109s. per ton without fittings; and the whole expenditure for labour on one of them, the *Pearl*, which was fitted for sea, was officially returned at 173s. 10d. per ton. The average cost of shipwrights' work per ton was therefore more than double that of the contract-built vessels, and the completed ship was built at more than three times the proportional cost of the *Tartar* and *Cossack*.

It was impossible to leave such a charge as this unanswered; and Sir BALDWIN WALKER and Mr. CHATFIELD did their best to meet it. In the first place, they replied that, instead of spending 48s. per ton on the fittings of the two ships, the Chatham officials managed to lay out as much as 18s. per ton in completing them for sea. Whether the difference between the estimate of 48s. and the actual outlay of 18s. is to be ascribed to Mr. MAXWELL'S miscalculation or to dockyard extravagance is a question which it is not necessary to discuss; for the case made by the Surveyor admits that the ships built in a private yard, and fitted by Government, cost for labour only 66s. per ton, while on a vessel of the same character entirely built at Woolwich the expenditure of labour was returned at 173s. per ton, or in the ratio of more than 2½ to 1. The other answer given is that the workmanship on the contract vessels was not equal to that in the naval yards—the principal complaint against the former being that the fastenings were not so numerous or so strong, and had occasionally been omitted altogether. It is likely enough that work done by contract at Northfleet may be somewhat inferior to that which is turned out at Chatham or Sheerness; but Sir BALDWIN WALKER, we observe, does not attempt to say that the additional bolts which a naval shipwright would have put into the *Cossack* would have raised her cost in the proportion of five to two. A letter from Mr. PITCHER, the builder of these two ships, and a large contractor for Government gun-boats, is cited with much triumph by the Surveyor of the Navy, though, with respect to the *Tartar* and *Cossack*, it merely confirms the account given on all sides, that the ships were mere hulls when taken from the Northfleet yard. But it was not thought enough for the defence of the Dockyards to work up the price of the contract ships without also cutting off something from the enormous charge of 87. 13s. per ton, which had been returned to the Committee as the expenditure on the *Pearl*. A close examination of the accounts has been prosecuted since the Report of the Committee, and the Surveyor of the Navy has made the gratifying discovery that the little error of 1225l. had crept in, and that the cost per ton was only 77. 2s. What with bad accounts on the Government side, and bad workmanship on that of the private builders, there ought to be some sort of approximation to a satisfactory result, but it must be confessed that all the explanations leave the substance of the charge untouched. Taking Sir BALDWIN WALKER'S figures, with their last corrections, we have it admitted that the *Pearl* cost for labour 77. 2s. per ton, while the *Cossack* (including the expense of making good the contractor's omissions) was finished for 37. 6s. This sorry conclusion was scarcely worth all the ingenuity expended on the defence, and perhaps it would have been better to take the bold line of one WILLIAM BROWN, a shipwright at Woolwich, quoted by Mr. CHATFIELD, who fairly seizes the bull by the horns, and says that Government work is so much better than any other that it is worth three times as much money. If this is a correct estimate, it must be admitted that, as a general rule, the pay in the Dockyards is very equitably adjusted.

One other scrap of justification must be mentioned, lest we should be accused of suppressing anything which is supposed to tell in favour of the Dockyard authorities. Mr. PITCHER, in the letter before referred to, does not content himself with giving his testimony to the fact that the *Cossack* and *Tartar* left his yard without

any of their sea-fittings, but declares his opinion that the cost of building in private yards is very nearly the same as that which the Committee has discovered to be the rate of expenditure in the Government establishments. Considering that Mr. PITCHER does not deny that the expenditure on the two ships which he built, including the Government outlay, was not more than 3*l.* 6*s.* per ton, it is rather odd that he should think this very nearly the same as rates varying for finished ships from 4*l.* to 7*l.* per ton. It would have been more to the purpose to state his own average expenditure for labour, which could scarcely, if his manager is to be trusted, have been so high as 3*l.* per ton. Instead of this, he specifies 6*l.* per ton as about the outlay for labour on a number of gun-boats built for immense prices, with unusual despatch, at a time when shipwrights' earnings averaged, as Mr. CHATFIELD himself mentions, as high as 12*s.* a day, or about double their ordinary amount, while dockyard workmen were making only 4*s.* 6*d.* a day by time, and about 6*s.* when employed on task work. One half of Mr. PITCHER's outlay for labour on these gun-boats would therefore be the utmost which ought to be expended by a private builder in ordinary times, or by the Government at any time, for it must be borne in mind that the Royal dockyards enjoy the advantage of a uniform rate of pay, which was not increased even during the period of excessive demand created by the Russian war. Mr. PITCHER's statement, therefore, brings us again to 3*l.* a ton as the outside labour-cost of completely finishing a man-of-war for sea; and the problem remains to be solved why the mere hulls of the eight corvettes specified by the Committee should have averaged 5*l.* 9*s.* per ton, while the cost of the *Cossack* seems to show that the fittings would require about 18*s.* more. Allowing for any possible superiority of workmanship in the dockyards, one cannot but agree with the Committee that the enormous difference of cost between public and private work is not satisfactorily accounted for.

But this is by no means the worst part of the case. The discrepancies between one dockyard and another are only a little less astonishing than the contrast between the establishments of the country and those of private owners. Of the eight sister corvettes before-mentioned, two were built at Devonport, two at Sheerness, two at Chatham, and two at Woolwich. The outlay for labour before any of the sea-fittings were put in was at Chatham 6321*l.* for one, and 6569*l.* for the other ship. The cost at Devonport was a trifle more. At Sheerness extravagance has fuller play, and accordingly we find the labour on the *Seylla* put down at 8621*l.*, and on the *Clie* at 9311*l.* But Woolwich is the head-quarters of the system; and there the *Scout* cost for labour 10,065*l.* and the *Pearl* 10,119*l.* Even after allowing for the errors of account which the Surveyor states, the Woolwich outlay averages nearly 9000*l.* per ship, when precisely similar vessels were built in other yards for about 6000*l.* each. It is not attempted to explain the difference by any assumed inferiority of work, for it is the common case of the Committee and the Dockyard officers that the work in the Government yards is always of the best quality. No explanation whatever is given; and—what seems to us the most damning fact of all—no inquiry appears to have been instituted until after the Report of the Committee. If a private builder found that one of two ships, built on the same lines, cost, at the same nominal rate of pay, thirty or forty per cent. more than the other, he would not leave a stone unturned until he had ferreted out the cause of such flagrant waste. But all the Dockyard authorities have seen this kind of thing going on for years without ever troubling themselves to ask the reason for such an anomaly. If it would have been beneath the dignity of the Surveyor of the Navy to inquire why his outlay was twice or three times as much as that of a private builder, it might surely have been expected that he should inform himself of the reason why the Sheerness and Woolwich establishments should spend from thirty to fifty per cent. more than was found necessary for the same work at Devonport and Chatham. What is to be said of the superintendence of a manufacturing concern where the cost of the regular everyday work cannot be estimated without a margin of error of half its amount?

We are painfully sensible that these exposures do not reveal the worst part of the case. Every one knows that it is in repairs, rather than in new work, that the chances of wasteful extravagance are most serious. We know now the sort of economical supervision which is exercised over the constructive department of the navy. But the great

bulk of the expenditure is incurred in repairing, altering, and refitting old vessels; and in this branch of the work the investigations of the Committee were baffled by the absence of any means of comparing one piece of work with another. Probably any practical man could give a rough answer to this question—In a factory where the waste on works of construction is (say) fifty per cent., what is the probable rate of waste in executing repairs? The most chastened estimate, when applied to the many millions which were set out under the head of repairs and casual work in the summary furnished a few months ago by the Surveyor of the Navy, will probably go a long way to establish the accuracy of Lord CLARENCE PAGET's speculative estimate of a waste of 5,000,000*l.* To learn that the business of the country has been quietly going on in such a fashion as this, without even exciting a qualm of conscience in the minds of those who were entrusted with the supervision of so vast an expenditure, is enough to take away the breath of patient, trusting people, who have tried their best to disbelieve the ready satire which popular writers launch against all our public departments. The only consolation is to hope that the Admiralty stands alone, and that the suggestions of the Committee may tend to place matters on a somewhat better footing in future.

ITALY.

THE early signature of the Treaty at Zurich bodes little good to the Italian cause. It seems unlikely that Austria can have concluded a definitive peace without obtaining some equivalent for the promised restoration of the Grand Dukes. The real negotiators at Biarritz would scarcely have instructed their delegates to terminate their labours if they had not discovered the advantage which Italian independence has hitherto derived from diplomatic delay. Emperors and Ministers are, perhaps, after all, little wiser than the mass of mankind; and it is possible that they may have taught themselves partially to believe their own reiterated assertion that it was impossible for Italians to display either concord or courage. While France and Austria have been concerting measures for the partition of the spoil over which they so lately quarrelled, GARIBALDI and FANTI, FARINI and RICASOLI have been organizing into a whole the country which claims to become a powerful European kingdom. It will be comparatively difficult to split up again into provinces territories which have fused their various administrations and broken up their frontier lines; and it is not even probable that Central Italy will yield without a struggle to the menaces by which reconciled despots may attempt to enforce their commands. As Lombardy had been ceded by Austria, not to Sardinia, but to France, it might be proper, in point of form, that the proprietor of a moment should, in respect of his nominal term, or *scintilla juris*, have a voice in the ultimate disposal of the province. Europe may hereafter appreciate the danger of a precedent for the aggrandizement of a military Power of the first class; for if France had a right to accept Lombardy, it would be difficult to dispute a similar claim if Belgium or the Palatinate were to become the prize of some future war of aggression. Sardinia, however, which prudently accepted the gift of her formidable ally, is not in a position to question the French claim from which her own title is deduced.

The decisions of the Conference of Zurich will only become a part of European public law when they are either sanctioned by a Congress or separately accepted by the great Powers. But, as amongst the late belligerents, the terms of the Treaty of Peace must be regarded as binding; and the portion of the public debt which may have been assigned by the plenipotentiaries to Lombardy will undoubtedly become a legitimate charge on the revenues of the extended Piedmontese monarchy. With Tuscany, on the other hand, with Parma, and with Modena, France and Austria are only concerned in common with the other great Powers of Europe. Internal revolutions have, in different parts of Italy, changed the form of government, and the present rulers of the Duchies propose to unite their fortunes with Piedmont by a definitive amalgamation. It is open to any Government to believe or to assert that a new distribution of territory in the Peninsula will be dangerous to its own interests or to the public tranquillity. A French official journalist lately discovered that the laws of political equilibrium imperatively required an exact balance of power between Piedmont and Naples; and arguments of a similar kind may, without diplomatic informality, be urged against any new arrangement dictated

by Italian wishes and interests. At the same time, it must be considered that far-fetched crotchets and paradoxes can scarcely furnish even ostensible excuses for armed coercion; and the right of England to fight against a gratuitous geographical equation would be precisely the same as that by which France might pretend to maintain it. Austria, indeed, would only carry out a traditional policy by restoring the petty despotisms which made all parts of Italy dependent on herself. If her armies once more crossed the Po and the Apennines, there would be little ground for surprise, and less use in discussing the motives of the invasion; yet it would be difficult to understand the pretext on which the French EMPEROR could acquiesce in the renewal of the pretensions which he went to war to suppress. In general, it may be said that France has no cause for interfering, and no excuse for allowing Austria to interfere. If the fate of nations depended on law, on logic, or on justice, Italy would be comparatively safe from foreign oppression. The case of the Duchies, indeed, is so irresistibly strong that even the greatest potentates might shrink from disputing their claims but for the unfortunate complication of the Papal rights in the Legations. France and Austria are probably equally hostile to the independence of Italy, and both are anxious to secure for themselves the cordial alliance of the Church. It is at Ravenna and Bologna that the chief source of danger is to be found; and there is reason to fear that the unavoidable irregularity of the Romagnese annexation may afford an opportunity for disturbing the legitimate process of uniting the vacant Duchies with Piedmont.

Neither the Sardinian Government nor the leaders of the national movement have been wanting to themselves or to their country. The circular despatch to the Piedmontese Ministers at the four nominally friendly Courts appears to have been well argued and forcibly expressed. It is even possible that the reasons in favour of a strong Italian Kingdom may be thought too conclusive by those to whom they are addressed. When it is urged that a peace with Austria can be but a truce as long as there are no elements of national resistance, the Emperor of the FRENCH may perhaps dislike an impediment which would be equally troublesome to a future French invader. As political arrangements are but faintly influenced by arguments, the circular note derives its principal importance from the proof which it affords that VICTOR EMMANUEL has identified himself with the wishes of the Central Italian populations. One of his ex-Ministers is exhorting the inhabitants of the Legations to consummate the annexation for themselves. Another is borrowing money and levying troops in Modena to support the same national cause. Two of the first Sardinian Generals have assumed the military command of the provinces in dispute, and now the Ministry at Turin publicly defends the measures which Italy has thought fit provisionally to adopt. All the local Governments have simultaneously assumed the style and arms of Piedmont, and the administration is universally conducted in the name of VICTOR EMMANUEL. It is possible that all the efforts of patriotism will be rendered useless by foreign violence, but the alternative between an armed restoration and the formation of a North Italian Kingdom is now irrevocably established. If the Princes of Lorraine, of Este, and of Bourbon, are brought back to their dominions, they must, by the necessity of their position, and without any new fault of their own, henceforth reign only as tyrannical despots by the aid of foreign auxiliaries. The statesmen of Italy probably calculate that, even at the worst, the restored dynasties could only exist until the commencement of the next European dispute; and, by the adoption of a decided policy, they compel their adversaries to choose between an odious act of oppression and an unwelcome acquiescence in the creation of an independent State. The intrigues in favour of a French Prince have been already rendered useless by the energy and prudence of the Tuscan leaders. Foreign Governments may affect to desire the restoration of legitimate dynasties, but it would be preposterous to overrule the unanimous voice of the nation for the benefit of a new-fangled pretender.

It is not impossible that a new element may be introduced into the Italian question by the internal movements of Naples. Large forces have lately been marched, probably under foreign suggestion, to the frontiers of the Papal States. It may be hoped that GARIBALDI and his colleagues will have the prudence to avoid a collision which would enable their enemies to point once more to the in-

ternal divisions of Italy. In the meantime, Naples and Sicily are ready for an internal change, and if it were possible for the reigning King to be awakened to his own interests and duties, he might regain all the good-will which his family has lost by combining liberal concessions with an adhesion to the national cause. North Italy and Naples united could bring 200,000 men into the field, and their permanent alliance would convert into a reality the confederation which France professes to contemplate. The POPE offers the only impediment to Italian unity which at present seems almost insuperable. His late subjects beyond the Apennines have fully deserved the emancipation which they may possibly achieve. If they should unhappily fail, something at least will have been gained in the public demonstration that the Roman Government—long the weakest, the basest, and the most oppressive in Italy—is the professed instrument and creature of foreign intruders and enemies.

MR. WILSON'S TOUR.

WHEN Lord CLYDE was appointed to the command of the Indian army, he was asked when he would be prepared to start. "To-morrow," was the old soldier's answer; and by the first available ship he set sail for the scene of his duties. The present financial difficulty, though scarcely less serious than the military troubles of two years ago, may not require quite the same amount of urgent speed; but a long time has elapsed since Mr. WILSON's appointment, and if it is not an impertinent question, one would like to know why the CHANCELLOR of the INDIAN EXCHEQUER still lingers in England. The loss of time is not the principal evil. Public men have a perfect right, if they have a taste for such amusements, to tour about the country, receiving congratulations from their friends; but it is customary to postpone the triumph until after the victory, and Mr. WILSON is making quite a new precedent by accepting ovations for all the services which he is expected to perform. He could scarcely have hit upon a better plan for impairing his efficiency than by travelling about from place to place, committing himself first to one project and then to another, to suit the local bias of his enthusiastic entertainers. Sheffield, and Hawick, and Manchester have each helped to fetter Mr. WILSON's discretion on subjects which ought to be approached with an entire freedom from previous bias. One sentence alone of his reply to the Manchester Cotton Association is enough to show the folly of all this premature speech-making. He was indisposed, he said, to anticipate opposition from the jealousy of Indian officials until he should have had the sad experience of it; but he had a straightforward duty to perform, which he was determined to do, be the support or the obstacles what they might. The sentiment is unexceptionable, but the wisdom of entering upon his rather delicate relations with the local authorities with an ostentatious declaration of defiance, is more than questionable. In the recommendations tendered by the two Manchester Associations who have had the honour of conferring with the CHANCELLOR, there is mixed up, with some of the old crotchets about the encouragement of colonization by grants of fee-simple estates, a certain amount of more or less obvious truth. That public works in aid of internal transit, the construction of docks, and the irrigation of the land, would afford financial relief beyond any other expedient that can be suggested, is at any rate supported by all the testimony which has yet been obtained on the subject. It is equally obvious that a banking system which supplies no more than 2,000,000*l.* of notes, and compels the Government to keep always in hand some 10,000,000*l.* of silver coin, the safe transmission of which furnishes the chief occupation of a numerous army, ought, if practicable, to be developed and improved. The consolidation of the debt and the reduction of interest is another measure of the propriety of which there can scarcely be two opinions. But the present obstacle to its adoption is not in India, but in the House of Commons; and this reform will have to be effected by other hands than Mr. WILSON's.

The topics which might have been safely discussed, even without the aid of local experience, are just those which Mr. WILSON studiously avoids. Neither of the Manchester deputations could extract a word from him on the subjects of the consolidation of the Indian debt, and the promotion of the great works of irrigation on which so much of the productive power of India depends; and it would have been well if the same reserve had been maintained on matters which are less ripe for immediate decision. All that can

be gathered from Mr. WILSON's latest speech points to the further extension of what is perhaps the least satisfactory method of executing the works which India so urgently requires. The railway guarantee system was inaugurated when Mr. WILSON was at the Board of Control; and while he preserves a rigid silence as to the employment of public funds in profitable undertakings, he does not hesitate to promise an indefinite increase to the amount of guaranteed capital, on the investment of which all the profit is reaped by private speculators, and all the loss is borne by the Indian Treasury. It was, doubtless, better to make railways even on such terms as these than to do without them altogether, but it is not encouraging to find the future director of Indian finance wedded to what certainly seems to be the least remunerative way of effecting essential improvements.

On some of the intricate subjects with which he will have to deal, Mr. WILSON is beginning to appreciate the virtue of silence; and perhaps if he remains long enough in England, his farewell speech, when he takes leave of his friends "positively for the last time," will be a model of cautious reticence. It is unfortunate that he commenced his addresses on the opposite principle, but it is only fair to admit that he is gradually making some progress towards a more rational estimate of the experimental character of his mission. He may be congratulated on the discovery that there is nothing so complicated in the affairs of the world as the land tenures of India, and on his determination to give no encouragement to the colonization theories to which his Manchester friends sought to convert him. His latest doctrines on taxation are an immense advance on the universal principles which, a few days ago, were to operate in the same way on the invariable human nature of all nations, whatever might be their race, their creed, their associations, or their social and political circumstances. We are now taught that it depends upon the habits and intelligence of a people how far principles which are theoretically correct can be adopted in this or that country—that feelings and prejudices are especially influential in fiscal matters—that taxes tolerated in one country would not be endured in another—and that, instead of dogmatizing on such subjects, practical men of the world will learn to adapt themselves to the circumstances by which they are surrounded. This, if trite, is true enough, and the only pity is that it did not occur to Mr. WILSON's mind before he transgressed his own rule to please his Sheffield and Hawick audiences. The task of settling the financial affairs of India is quite arduous enough without the addition of any needless incumbrances; and unless it be with the desire to make the success of his feat the more amazing, one can scarcely conceive why Mr. WILSON should choose to start on his enterprise with a score of his own speeches hanging about his neck. If he desires to succeed, his first aim should be to start free from every hindrance or fetter. He is not a BLONDIN, bound to carry weight in order to attract a profitable crowd of gaping admirers; and great as might be the glory of retrieving Indian difficulties in spite of all the rash pledges by which he has hampered his own action, there will be honour enough to be won by quietly and unostentatiously doing a great public service, which will not fail to meet with due acknowledgment when the fitting time arrives. "The encouragement which helps a public man in the performance of a duty," says Mr. WILSON, in his peroration at Manchester, "is best given by exhibitions of 'this kind.'" Every man must be presumed to know what ministers most to his own encouragement; but we should imagine that most public servants would prize the assurance that their success would meet with the appreciation and honour it deserved, more highly than any eulogies which might be showered upon them before their duties had commenced. Mr. WILSON may rely upon the gratitude of the country for all the good which he may be able to effect in India; but he will hasten his day of triumph by devoting himself at once to his task, instead of drawing bills upon the glory which he is about to win. He has the singular good fortune of being placed in a position for which he is peculiarly fitted, with duties arduous enough to gratify his ambition, and, at the same time, not so difficult as to preclude success. His field of work is so conspicuous that no achievement is likely to be overlooked; and the reputation which he has acquired at home will predispose his critics to ascribe his failures to anything rather than want of skill. The career which is before him scarcely needs the encouragement of such exhibitions as those of Sheffield, Hawick, and Manchester.

THE WAR FEELING IN FRANCE.

ON this side of the Channel we are all so heartily anxious to keep out of war, and are so utterly without any intention of quarrelling with France if we can possibly avoid it, that we can scarcely believe that, at this very moment, Frenchmen of all ranks and callings speak of an expedition against England as a thing as certain to come soon as the winter to follow the autumn. The most cool and wary do no more than urge that sufficient preparation can scarcely be made under eighteen months. All agree that war will be declared directly the Government is ready, and that the Government is getting ready as fast as possible. We can appeal to the experience of any Englishman who has passed through France or stayed in Paris during the last few weeks, and who is sufficiently acquainted with the people and their language to understand what is passing. An attack on England is the regular theme of conversation in all public conveyances and public places. The army naturally take the lead, but it is singular how many classes of persons echo the opinions and wishes of the army. The clergy are almost to a man in favour of an attack on the foster-mother of heresy, and the *Univers* speaks of an expedition to pillage the Bank of England in much the same language as a hermit of the middle ages might have used when exhorting Christendom to enter on a crusade for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. The Legitimist party, which still commands a certain amount of provincial influence, raves against England, and urges an attack on her with a bitterness proportioned to the benefits which its chief received from her during so many years. Even the monied classes begin to say that anything would be better than the state of utter stagnation to which they are now condemned by the suspense in which they are kept. Persons, also, who are acquainted with the working classes of Paris and the large towns, assert that there is now running through them one of those strange upheavings of vague, uneasy emotion which from time to time stir their depths, and that this uneasiness takes the shape of a senseless animosity against England. In the navy, there is, of course, a wish to see whether the Channel has really been bridged over by steam; and along the coast fronting the English shores the population is occupied with no other thought than that of estimating its perils in case of war, and longing for an expedition which, it is hoped, may cripple England for years. There remain no friends to England except those who think this proposed outbreak of unprovoked hate either wicked or likely to be prejudicial to the future liberties of France. Such men are very few, indeed; and it is not too much to say generally that the French nation is determined on attacking England.

This state of feeling wears a very different degree of importance according as we suppose it to be or not to be the work of the Government. If it is merely the spontaneous expression of popular hopes and prejudices, there is some chance that it may soon die away. Something may occur to divert the attention of the French people to another object, or they may possibly come round to the notion that reckless war is a great crime, and one not unlikely to recoil on the heads of its perpetrators. But it is not by any means clear that the present manifestation of hatred against England is perfectly spontaneous. The centralized system of France offers many means of fostering, if not creating, a popular sentiment of this kind; and if the French Government did wish to stir up ill-feeling, it could do so very easily. As a matter of fact, no means are taken by the Government to check the feeling that does exist; and officials of a very high position, and specially noted for endeavouring to say only what is pleasing to their master, have lately taken public opportunities of delivering addresses against England. But whether the EMPEROR means to try so great and dangerous a game as a war with England is exceedingly uncertain. We believe him to have a warm feeling of friendship towards many Englishmen, and many kindly recollections of this country. It would also be very hazardous to begin an experiment of which the issue would be so very uncertain. If England has justice done her by those who have her honour in charge, and is prepared to defend herself during the first six months, she would simply have to protract the war until the French were brought to terms. They cannot stand a long war, and we can, as was abundantly shown in the history of the Crimean campaign. The EMPEROR would, therefore, have to rely entirely on the success of an invasion made immediately after the declaration of war, and, although the risk of an invasion is very serious for us, it is also serious for the French. But it is possible that the EMPEROR encourages the feeling in France

against England, and hopes to control it and profit by it indirectly, without having any fixed intention of making war within a definite period. The unanimity of popular feeling, in a direction in which he alone can give effect to what is desired, evidently invests him with great power for the time. Among other things, he gains the immense advantage of directing the tide of national opinion against his political opponents in France. It is an easy triumph over the lovers of freedom if he can get them branded as the slaves and agents of hated England. He may even look forward to the remote future and calculate that, if adversity comes, nothing can be more serviceable to his family than that the dynasty of NAPOLEON should be regarded as the hereditary representative of French animosity towards the country that overcame the First EMPEROR. But even if LOUIS NAPOLEON has no real intention of attacking us, there is some danger that he may find himself forced to do so. He has now an army of half a million men, flushed with victory, and looking to an expedition against England as a pleasure solemnly promised to them. This army finds itself in presence of a civil population that urges it to go and fight with the very enemy against whom it claims, as a sort of right, to be led. No one can say but that this may end in the army and the people getting their way, and keeping the avenger of Waterloo to his word.

If we like to bury our heads in the sand, we shall undoubtedly avoid seeing anything that is unpleasant, and we may easily persuade ourselves that everything is safe. But, if we look at patent facts and the most obvious signs of the times, we cannot conceal from ourselves that the state of feeling in France is a source of very considerable danger to us. In kindness not only to ourselves, but to our neighbours on the other side of the water, we must strain every nerve to make this project of invading England as dangerous as it is wicked and barbarous. We cannot be too quick or active in building ships and manning them, and in buying rifles and learning how to use them. But although we ought chiefly to rely on our defensive preparations for averting a war, we need not do so exclusively. We have the great weapon of publicity, and there is no weapon that despotism so much dreads. France cannot go to war with England unless she has some sort of pretext, and in order to pick a quarrel she must state her case before Europe. We have the great advantage that we shall be able to tell everything, and that, as the world knows we seldom conceal anything that is to our discredit, we may expect to be heard patiently when we appeal on the merits of our cause to the public opinion of civilized countries. If we are careful to avoid giving any cause for war that can be considered plausible, we shall be able to throw on France the odium of wanton aggression; and the world has got on far enough to make a confessedly bad cause a serious drawback to a combatant. We may also do something in our private relations with the French people to ward off the frightful calamity of a war. Englishmen who have relations of business or friendship with Frenchmen can take every opportunity of proclaiming that there is no feeling whatever in England against the French nation. In their present state of irritation it makes every difference whether the French are individually treated with calmness and kindness, or whether we throw oil on the flame and insist on a bright blaze bursting out. If we were not at the same time exerting ourselves night and day to complete our arrangements for defence, we might feel ashamed of adopting a conciliatory tone. But, if we can rely on the QUEEN'S Government doing its duty, and are well prepared to back it in every measure that may be necessary to ensure the safety of the country, we need not hesitate to cultivate by every honest means a renewal of friendly relations with France and Frenchmen.

M. KOSSUTH ON THE PEACE OF VILLAGRANCA.

A LETTER of M. KOSSUTH's, which has recently been published, may, perhaps, after due allowance for the exaggerations natural to an exile, throw some light on the Treaty of Villafranca. It seemed difficult to understand how it could at the same moment be for the interest of both belligerents to patch up a peace while all the causes of the war still retained their original force. The Emperor of the FRENCH has on several occasions announced, with unwonted candour, his motives for abandoning a contest which, for the same reasons, he ought never to have commenced. He had expended thousands of men and millions of pounds sterling in a quarrel of his own seeking; and after a bloody victory, he was still on

the outside of the great Venetian fortresses, which held a garrison larger than the besieging army. He has further declared that it was impossible to carry on the war without seeking the aid of revolution, and he has admitted that the menacing attitude of Germany, and the displeasure of Europe, furnished additional reasons for his sudden eagerness for peace. The Emperor of AUSTRIA, on the other hand, might reasonably believe that he had seen the worst of the campaign. He had disasters to retrieve, a discontented army to reassure, and an unprovoked attack to punish, if possible. The ostensible complaint of the backwardness of his German allies was inconsistent with the language of his opponent. He was near his resources, and covered by his famous strongholds; and, above all, he was called upon, as the condition of peace, to acknowledge his defeat by the surrender of a cherished province. If there is any foundation for KOSSUTH's statements, the danger was in the heart of his own dominions; and possibly there may have been fears of mutiny in some Hungarian regiments, although they had borne their full share in the exertions and sufferings of the war.

It is not necessary to believe that all classes in Hungary were unanimous in the resolution "to get rid of the bandit rule of the House of Austria as soon as the war should take its logical expansion." Strong words, even in the mouths of gifted orators, generally indicate an absence of the repose which proceeds from conscious strength. Whatever may be the meaning of such a term as "the logical expansion of a war," it is difficult to believe in the hypothetical enthusiasm and conditional unanimity of twelve millions of men. Leaders may make up their minds to wait for an opportunity before they strike a decisive blow, but armies and nations can never be said to have arrived at a decision until they are ready to act. The continuance of the war would probably have given rise to an insurrection in Hungary, and neither the Emperor of AUSTRIA nor the Ex-Dictator of the Republic knew the proportions which the revolt might assume. It is simply impossible that an exile should have the means of ascertaining through secret agents that "all the feelings which sometimes bring division into a national household—difference of religion, language, race, distinction of classes—had melted into one common resolution." If half the statement had been true, it was unnecessary to wait for any logical, rhetorical, or material expansion of the war. The flower and strength of the Austrian army was fully occupied on the Mincio, and a general insurrection in Hungary might have propagated itself without any danger of external repression. Even at the present moment, Austria would probably be unable to resist a general rising of the population of Hungary. Five months ago, the enemies of Austrian rule could only have been restrained by a well-founded doubt as to the disposition of the nation. The uncertainty which encouraged KOSSUTH may reasonably have alarmed FRANCIS JOSEPH, although, in this instance, fear may perhaps have been less imaginative than hope. The 4000 Hungarians who had been collected from the ranks of the exiles, or enlisted among the prisoners of war, must have excited considerable disquiet as the possible nucleus of a national army. The assertion of their leader, that in three weeks more their numbers would have swelled to 25,000, is probably made in good faith, but it can only be accepted as a conjecture.

As there was undoubtedly some foundation for the expectation of a movement in Hungary, the question again recurs why the Emperor of the FRENCH drew back at the moment when he had the prospect of inflicting a fatal blow on his adversary. His conscientious objections to what is called revolution must have been very suddenly awakened at Villafranca, if it is true that he had previously urged on his Hungarian confederate an activity which was declined as premature. "I have the satisfaction," says M. KOSSUTH, "to know that, by not allowing myself to be influenced by promises, that by insisting on the guarantee of irrefragable facts preliminary to my giving the signal for rising, I have preserved my country from great misfortunes for aims which were not our own." On these points M. KOSSUTH is speaking of transactions within his own personal knowledge, and his accuracy is confirmed by the undoubted fact that he was allowed to enlist troops among the Hungarian prisoners within the limits of France. The promises which were intended to induce him to precipitate an insurrection must have been given by the Emperor of the FRENCH, who has since taken credit with Europe for his adhesion to the cause of crowned heads as against discontented subjects. It is possible, indeed, that KOSSUTH may,

from the first, have been a mere dupe and passive instrument; and yet it is difficult to believe that he would have been urged to immediate action if it had been intended at once to abandon his partisans to their fate.

The solution of the puzzle would probably be found in the diplomatic communications between Russia and France. The liberation of Italy may have been contemplated at St. Petersburg with indifference, and the humiliation of Austria with pleasure, but the master of Poland could never have encouraged a general popular rising in Hungary. Although the secret arrangement between Russia and France has never transpired, it is certain that NAPOLEON III. relied, in certain contingencies, on the active support of his Northern ally. The junction of Russia with the other Great Powers, for the purpose of imposing peace on the belligerents, would have paralysed the French aggressor in the midst of his most brilliant successes. It is natural that M. KOSSUTH, with his declamatory turn of mind, should forget the existence of the Power which ten years ago reduced Hungary into subjection to Austria. The Emperor of the FRENCH was probably better informed, although, as a measure preparatory to peace, he had alarmed Austria by two or three slight demonstrations on the Eastern coast of the Adriatic. The disappointment which might be inflicted on the Hungarian exiles and malcontents was one of those grievances which ambitious sovereigns habitually disregard.

Some credit is nevertheless due to NAPOLEON III. for the stipulations which were made at Villafranca in favour of the Hungarian recruits whom he had involved in the technical guilt of treason and mutiny. M. KOSSUTH asserts, with whimsical satisfaction, that he had himself insisted on the conditions of amnesty and exemption from Austrian military service; but as it is not known that the Hungarian exiles were represented at Villafranca, it is not easy to understand how their leader could be in a position to negotiate for concessions and guarantees. His diplomatic tact is illustrated by his ostentatious doubt whether Austria, "false Austria," will discharge her obligations. It would be difficult to offer a more direct invitation to a breach of faith which would involve the ruin and misery of four thousand Hungarians. The public suggestion that some of the returned soldiers are in correspondence with himself may illustrate the confidence of his countrymen in his patriotism, but it will scarcely tend to the comfort or safety of the letter-writers. After all, it is difficult not to sympathize with the disappointment of the exile who so lately hoped for a triumphant restoration. M. KOSSUTH celebrated his departure from England by several unwise and offensive speeches, and he even menaced the country which he was then leaving with the contingent displeasure of himself and of his Imperial ally. Englishmen, however, are too familiar with hard words to be frightened, or even seriously offended, by foreign eloquence. Although they disapproved of the wanton ambition of France, they were not disposed to blame those enemies of Austria who prepared to take advantage of a favourable opportunity. It is not even with unmixed pleasure that they see the illusions dispelled in which they had themselves but faintly shared.

THE METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS.

IT is a long time since the public has heard anything of the Metropolitan Board of Works. The circumstance is very creditable to a body which, for the first few years of its existence, seemed to think that the world was as much interested in the eloquence of Greek-street as in the rival performances at the Palace of Westminster. As might have been expected, the working powers of the Board have developed themselves while their talking functions have fallen into abeyance. By a very wholesome regulation of the last Act of Parliament, by which its authority was enlarged, the Board was required to report progress once in every year; and for the first time since the experiment of local government was applied to the metropolis, there really is some progress to report. Mr. THWAITES is evidently fired with the laudable ambition of winning for himself and his colleagues the character for businesslike energy of which their earlier proceedings gave little promise; and he mentions, with pardonable pride, that on the day after the Act of 1858 received the Royal Assent, a meeting was called to consider the long-neglected works which were to have been completed before the year 1860. Many years more will, in all probability, pass over our heads before the main drainage of

London is an accomplished fact; but it is something to have commenced operations in earnest, and this the Board are at length enabled to announce. In the first place, they have finally settled their plans, which comprise an intercepting system of seventy-two miles of sewers of one sort or another—outfall channels on each side of the Thames—high-level, middle, and low-level lines of sewerage—pumping stations and reservoirs—and all the other appliances which, it is hoped, will ultimately purify the Thames, and render London habitable even in the dog-days. Whether the scheme over which rival engineers so long wrangled is or is not absolutely the best that could have been devised, it is some satisfaction to learn that, in due course of time, the pollution of the river will only commence at a point five miles beyond the Isle of Dogs. The next step was to raise the necessary funds; and this important business has been managed by a loan of 3,000,000*l.* at 3½ per cent., which the Bank has granted on an Imperial guarantee. Meanwhile tenders had been invited for the high-level sewers on each side of the river, and contracts have now been made for their construction, at a cost of about 370,000*l.* The arrangements for proceeding with the middle level line are also reported as in a forward state; and, with the exception of the two main sewers, which are to run either along the shores or in the bed of the Thames, it is expected that the whole of the works will have been commenced in the early part of the year 1860. To this it is added that some 9000 feet of tunnelling is already completed—from all which it may be gathered that quiet work is beginning at last to supersede ineffectual talk.

Thus far everything appears to have been going on as pleasantly as could be desired; for even the interruption of a few Chancery suits connected with the taking of land has furnished the Board with additional ground for exultation, the litigation having in every instance terminated in their favour. But the Report indicates a rock a-head, which, unless removed by the aid of Parliament, threatens to stop the further progress of the undertaking. Until the low-level sewers are completed, the Thames must continue to be the receptacle of a large portion of the filth which the Board has undertaken to convey to certain favoured spots in the neighbourhood of Erith. Even if this portion of the work were proceeded with, only one-half of the cleansing process would be effected. Like the pleasant project for the filtration of the Serpentine, the operations of the Board would purify the water without doing anything to mitigate the nuisance of the mud, which contributes probably nine-tenths of the effluvia that poison the Legislature for two months in the year. Unless the accumulated abominations which constitute the shores of the river can be kept constantly covered by the stream, the great Thames laboratory for the manufacture of pestilence will remain as efficient as ever. A river embankment, reaching at least as far as low-water-mark, is even more essential than the elaborate system of intercepting drains which are now in course of construction. The Board have learned to appreciate this new necessity, and accordingly the low-level sewers are waiting for the embankment, along which, if constructed, they could most advantageously be carried; and the embankment, we need scarcely add, is waiting for further funds. It is rather an alarming feature of the Report, that no hint is given whether the 3,000,000*l.* provided for the main undertaking is thought likely, after the experience obtained from the works already commenced, to prove sufficient for the purpose; but it may probably be assumed that no very considerable surplus will remain for any additional work. We observe, however, among the sums set down for improvements to be effected if practicable, the serious item, "Formation of Thames Embankment, as estimated by Mr. GIBBORNE, 2,000,000*l.*" Estimates stated in such very round numbers have a suspicious look; but even supposing the amount not to be exceeded, an outlay of 2,000,000*l.*, in addition to the 3,000,000*l.* already disposed of, is formidable enough. The Board confess their inability to raise the money by rates, even if the necessary powers should be conferred upon them; and they have appealed to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER to give them some assistance.

It is not perhaps quite so clear as is sometimes assumed, that the whole of the metropolitan expenditure, like that of a country town, ought to be defrayed by local taxation; but the chance of getting Parliament to recognise the liability of the Consolidated Fund to provide for the improvement of the capital is very slender, and Mr. THWAITES has judiciously limited his demands to the proceeds of taxes

which are levied exclusively on the metropolitan district. The hackney coach duties bring in 80,000*l.* a year, and the coal dues reach the splendid amount of 230,000*l.* per annum, subject at present to charges for the cost of past improvements to the amount of rather more than one year's income. On both of these local taxes Mr. THWAITES has cast a covetous eye, and if they are not to be repealed it would be only fair that the metropolis, providing for its own expenditure, should enjoy the fruits of its own local taxation. Whether the money is to be found in the way suggested, or obtained from any other source, there is no escape from the conclusion, that if the purification of the Thames is not to be given up altogether, its shores must be embanked. It so happens that the course of the river between Westminster and London Bridges is remarkably favourable for such a scheme as the Board have recommended. Almost insuperable difficulties have presented themselves in the way of any plan for bringing forward the banks of the river up to the margin of the low-water channel. To do this would involve the destruction of the whole wharf frontage of the river, and the compensation of owners, either in money or by grants of the reclaimed land. But this difficulty is obviated by the scheme to which the Board have given their approbation. The semicircular reach of the Thames which stretches from Westminster to London Bridge, consists of three distinct longitudinal portions—a central stream of about 600 or 700 feet broad, navigable at all times of tide, and the two strips, alternately mud and water, which intervene between the central channel and the present shores. In some portions of the curve—as, for instance, at Hungerford Bridge—the aggregate breadth of the two side strips is nearly equal to that of the stream itself. Intersected at short intervals by steamboat piers, these portions of the river are practically useless for navigation even at high water, and, in fact, perform no other function than the perpetual evolution of malaria. The project of the Board is to separate these objectionable adjuncts of the river from the main stream by a broad embankment, forming a long island between the river proper and what would then become floating basins for the accommodation, not only of the existing wharves, but of new premises of equal extent on the embankment itself. The plan, as suggested, includes roads, esplanades, and railroads along the course of the embankment, the outer wall of which is intended to include the low level sewers of the general system. The project is certainly very fascinating, and might be made the means of adorning the metropolis, while it performed the more important function of keeping the river in a wholesome state. The reclaimed land might also be made to repay a large proportion of the cost; but, independently of these extraneous considerations, it is indispensable to the general scheme of drainage, and the only choice seems to be between throwing away the whole benefit of the expenditure already sanctioned, and adding some 2,000,000*l.* more to make the job complete. This is not a pleasant prospect for Londoners, who will have to bear the burden, but it is not worse than was fairly to be expected when the Herculean enterprise of making the town and its river sweet and wholesome was deliberately taken in hand. The worst economy of all would be to leave the work half-done; and unless the embankment be added, the plans of the Board will involve a very large expenditure, with a scarcely appreciable result.

THE PAPAL ALLOCUTION.

ROMA locuta est, causa finita est. The POPE has addressed the Cardinals in Consistory, and through the Venerable Consistory his HOLINESS has addressed, we presume, all the Bishops who owe him spiritual allegiance. The speech is, if taken as a specimen of the reigning PONTIFF's powers in the pulpit, decidedly dull—indeed, were not the phrase somewhat disrespectful, we should say that his HOLINESS maunders. But we fear that the very stupidity of the allocution has a melancholy significance. Overcome with grief and plunged into affliction, deeply laden with sorrows and suffering, under great bitterness of heart, the FATHER of the FAITHFUL sheds tears enough to suggest the expediency of reviving lachrymatory vases. The Papal afflictions take a very verbose form; and yet the only criticism which suits this lengthy tirade is called forth by the topics which, as our FOREIGN SECRETARY would say, are conspicuous by their absence. The POPE is, not unreasonably perhaps, disgusted at the defection of Bologna and Ravenna; but, curiously enough, he does not congratulate his brethren on the successful reduction of

Perugia. He felicitates the conclave on the fidelity of the clergy in the Legations, but says nothing of the triumphs of his army over his own subjects. He hints obliquely at the fashion which is growing up in Italy of annexation to Sardinia; but of Sardinia itself, and of that great ally who assisted at the remarkable days of Magenta and Solferino, he says not a word.

It may be, and probably is, the etiquette at Rome only to speak of the *domestica facta*; otherwise it would be hard to suppose that the affairs of Sardinia and the arrangements of Villafranca were devoid of interest for the great paternal heart. At any rate, if only Roman affairs can be the proper subjects of an address to the assembled Cardinals, it seems strange that no allusion is made to the proposed confederation of Italy and the Papal protectorate. Indeed, as little is said as possible. The acts of the Bolognese Assembly, together with the Assembly itself, are pronounced null and void; but even Papal indignation and exaggeration cannot draw a very serious bill of indictment against the rebels of Bologna. Rebellions are usually written in characters somewhat more coarsely cut than those which, according to the POPE, mark the Bolognese revolt. The hospitals have been subjected to new laws; some clergy have been exiled; and certain books have been printed, and certain plays performed, which the POPE assures his sympathizing Cardinals are subversive of honesty, modesty, and virtue. As, however, on a previous occasion, the same authority discovered a denial of the immortality of the soul in the wish to be relieved from the civil government of the Supreme Pontiff, we suspend our judgment as to the gravity of the Bolognese atrocities. If he has told us the worst, we can only say that this is a very rose-water revolution indeed. At any rate, the Provisional Government of the Legations contrasts not unfavourably with the recent civil annals of the Papacy. The naughty plays may be forgiven in comparison with the sack of Perugia. The licentious journals are not quite so terrible as the paternal discipline of fire and sword with which his HOLINESS lovingly corrects his disobedient children. Bologna declined to hoist the Red Flag, and the plainest proof of the moderation and temper displayed by the new authorities is the very scanty catalogue of enormities which even Papal indignation can muster. Had there been a single act of violence, or but a solitary drop of blood shed, the occasion was not an inconvenient one to make the most of it. Looking at the copious vocabulary of Papal pathos, we can quite understand what floods of funeral eloquence would have been poured out had there been a single martyr in the revolt of the Legations. The highest panegyric on the National Assembly is to be found in the little that can be made, even in Rome, of these "deplorable events." The best omen for the popular cause in the Romagna is the indirect eulogy which the allocution presents on the calmness and dignity of the popular chiefs; and though the legitimate Sovereign consoles himself with the assurance that the great majority of the population of the Legations stands aloof from these culpable enterprises with indignant horror, it is remarkable that not one of this outraged majority, though so faithful sons of St. PETER, drew even a single sword against these rebellious descendants of MALCHUS.

In a word, although something must needs be said, it seems impossible that less could have been said. Even the excommunication which the rebels have incurred is only menaced—the thunder is not launched. The POPE invites his brethren to the Throne of Grace, not, perhaps, without a thought of a more terrestrial throne in Paris. And it is very easy to see that the studied moderation of this document—for, after all, the allocution is but a milk-and-water affair—betrays the waiter, not only upon Providence, but on the chances of Imperial interference in Central Italy. Pending that contingency, it might be inconvenient, or even premature, to threaten—still more to let loose—a Bull against VICTOR EMMANUEL or CAVOUR. If the Dukes are restored, it can hardly be but that the same French legions which have given back Rome to its legitimate Sovereign will be employed in reducing Bolognato obedience; and it might be convenient for the POPE to submit to the spectacle of a Napoleonic dynasty in Tuscany, or even to welcome it. A *fainéant* King is the *corpus vile* which ecclesiastical intriguers most affect; and an Etrurian NAPOLEON would be a buttress to the Pontifical authority, as well as an example of bad government, under the shadow of which even the Papal policy might hope for a new lease of immunity. Meanwhile, though busy no doubt with their prayers, the Venerable Brethren may possibly seek more sublimary assistance for propping up the old fabric of corruption

and oppression. A single passage in the allocution is significant enough. From the Catholic Bishops the POPE has received many remarkable and illustrious testimonies of faith and love; and in these pious labours they are encouraged to persevere. Doubtless they scarcely required this stimulant to their exertions. In every diocese and in every parish of France the hint will be taken; and when even in Ireland so much of synodical action is at work, we cannot but suppose that the same interest will stir the whole ecclesiastical hive into the same activity. We never concealed from ourselves the difficulty which must, under any circumstances, attend any interference on behalf of the Legations. The very moderation of the POPE's language seems to show that he is pretty certain of the game. His HOLINESS, we fear, can very well afford to be mild in language; and it may be remarked that he seems so confident in his chances that he dispenses with even the ceremony of promising reforms. He does not so much as allude to the possibility of a better Government for the States of the Church in the future than in the past.

THE INTELLECT OF WOMEN.

THERE is a set of persons who are always troubling themselves about the intellect of women, and who wish to persuade the world that women are labouring under some great wrong, which would be instantly remedied if men would but dispassionately consider the facts of the case. They urge that Lady Jane Grey learnt the classical languages, that Angelica Kaufmann and Rosa Bonheur have painted pictures that command a high price, and that Mrs. Somerville knows more science than most scientific men. The object of all this is not to establish the political rights of women. These disputants do not go in for female jurors or female senators, and therefore do not take us into a field of discussion where we should have to attack an opinion which, however opposed to our own, comes before us with the great authority of Mr. Mill's advocacy. To know what they want we must go to humbler sources. This talk about the intellect of women has lately found a representative in a Mr. Reeve, who has written a small volume on the subject, and who, although rather an unpretending champion, says probably all that is to be said; and from his book we gather that the point aimed at is to introduce a change in the education of women. If it could be proved that the intellect of women is equally strong, solid, and large as that of men, it is supposed to follow that they ought to receive the same education. All men of sense take interest in the education of women, and like to examine the process by which their wives have been formed, and for the application of which to their daughters they have to pay. Any plausible view on the subject is, therefore, worth examining, and perhaps the view that a natural equality of intellect exists in women, and demands a similar education with that bestowed on men, may, in courtesy, be called plausible.

The great argument against the existence of this equality of intellect in women is, that it does not exist. If that proof does not satisfy a female philosopher, we have no better to give. But we never heard its existence maintained, except by clever women talking for talking's sake to men, or by men of the stamp who write little books like Mr. Reeve's. The question is not whether some women have not done some things as well as some men, but whether they have ever given proofs of the same height and variety of capacity. If *Adam Bede* was written by a woman, this is as great an achievement as the sex has ever reached; but it does not lend the least probability to the supposition that a woman could have written *Don Quixote* or *Tom Jones*. But we do not think that we need argue the point fully, for even supposing that the sexes are equal in intellect, it is evident that nature, besides this equality of mental wealth, has also bestowed on women certain special and peculiar qualities, which are very valuable to society at large. It may be merely a piece of good economy that the higher intellectual pursuits are generally reserved for men. Women might be equally fitted for these pursuits, but then there are also things for which they are exclusively fitted. In the first place, women have the power of pleasing. Accomplishments are cultivated as instrumental to the successful exercise of this power, and therefore are not to be rejected on the ground that they waste the time that might be given to mathematics. The common sense of the world has long ago settled that men are to be pleased and women are to please. Accordingly, women acquire an agreeable expertness at the piano, and view the acquisition as a solemn duty; whereas a man who fiddles or flutes to please women is barely tolerated by the women to whom he is musically attentive, and is heartily despised by the rest of the world. Then, again, women have a wonderful fund of patience, which is denied to men. They can bear any kind and amount of pain without flinching. They can wait contentedly in a room as the twilight deepens, without longing for candles. They do not much mind sermons, or crossed letters, or morning calls. They are happy while waiting for hours at a railway-station without anything satisfactory to eat. Men can do none of these things; and, as society necessarily requires that a certain stock of patience should exist in it, it would be a great pity if women were to insist on absorbing themselves in the cultivation of their equal

intellects, and thus forcing situations requiring patience on men, who are so very ill suited to fill them. There are many other points in which women have special excellences, and we cannot mention them all. We will, therefore, content ourselves with alluding to that which is perhaps the most signal and valuable. Women recoil from being the victims of small frauds. They are endowed with a spirit of resistance to servants, landladies, and shopkeepers. It is a mistake to suppose that the encounters of ladies with their domestics are a source of unmixed pleasure to them. They feel wearied and annoyed, but then they do not give in. On the other hand, the vast majority of men are so conscious of a childish helplessness in such matters that they never dream of entering into conflicts in which they know they must be worsted. If, therefore, women were to withdraw from household cares the time necessary for the cultivation of their equal intellects, society would be one vast playground for petty larceny to revel in. We must not quarrel with the appointed order of things. It has pleased Heaven that there should be one sex, and only one, that dare examine a lodging-house bill or a cook's system of management. Let us cling to the protection which this special courage affords us.

Mr. Reeve wishes that the education of girls should be made more solid and serious. So long as the solidity of education is limited by the consideration that the girls, when they have become women, must exercise their special gifts, there can be no objection to it. The education of women in England has greatly improved within the last twenty years, and nothing has contributed to the improvement so much as the employment of men to aid in their education. It is now a very common practice with girls' schools to have male lecturers in history, astronomy, geography, and so forth. The classes instituted by distinguished foreigners in London for instruction in Continental languages and literature have been very successful, and parents, by adopting a system so strange to English domestic habits, have shown how deeply they have the education of their daughters at heart. Then, the heads of the best schools show the keenest avidity to bring within the range of their instruction every new department of human knowledge. Directly any sets of facts, or supposed facts, have been brought into any sort of scheme, young ladies learn them. Men are half dazzled and half amused at finding how quickly female patience and female trustfulness are brought to bear on new fields of learning. It is wonderful, for example, to find what some young ladies know about Egyptian history. They can tell off hand when Thoth the Second succeeded Rameses the Fourth, and seem to have formed or imbibed a shrewd opinion as to the respective merits of those two princes. In geography, again, their acquirements are prodigious. When a man comes across the name of one of the great standing difficulties of geography, such as the name of a South-American Republic, or a Scotch county, he is at sea. He has a sense, closely resembling a vague sense of smell, that the places are somewhere in South America and somewhere in Scotland. But a woman is quite at home, and when she reads of a shocking accident in Bolivia or Cromarty, she knows perfectly, not only where those territories are, but what are their chief towns, and what their chief towns are most famous for producing. We really cannot see that English girls need any greater solidity of education than they already possess. If a change is required in any direction, it is probably in the direction of learning the English language and literature more thoroughly. French girls are made to devote a great portion of their educational time to learning French; and although the excess to which this is carried springs mainly from the Catholic notion of teaching girls only what is safe, and cannot therefore be a precedent for Protestants, yet the example might be advantageously followed to some extent, and Englishwomen might be forced to bestow more attention than they do now on standard English authors, and on the construction, compass, and niceties of the English language.

Perhaps it may be thought that the acquirements of women are rather too superficial and extensive. It is certainly necessary that they should learn some things thoroughly well, in order to gain a conception of what thorough knowledge is; but a certain superficiality of knowledge is by no means unsuited to them. Philosophers say that women have the deductive intellect, and not the inductive. By this is practically meant that they have great quickness in suggestion, in the detection of possible consequences, and in hazarding skilful remarks. In order to do themselves justice, they must therefore have a kind of notion of what the subject is that falls under discussion, and a general conception of the elementary facts on which it rests, and the technical expressions it carries with it. Directly they have got so much, their deductive intellect can begin to work. They do not proceed by arriving at argumentative conclusions from clearly-defined premises, but they throw out observations which they cannot tell how they came by, but which give the discussion a new turn, and open up new lines of thought. However equal, therefore, their intellect may be, yet, as it works in a different way from that of men, their education must be accommodated to this difference. There is also another very valuable quality which they possess, and by possessing which they greatly aid the intellectual advance of the world. This is enthusiasm. Nothing can be more pleasant or more useful than the enthusiasm which women feel for all literature and all intellectual powers, especially if displayed in a way that appeals to the feelings. The standard of society is raised by this noble admiration of

something not material or sensual, and men gain from it a source of strength and a power of recruiting their emotional faculties, of which, if they were deprived, they would soon flag. In the absorption of professional pursuits, or business, or sport, or through an increasing acquaintance with the processes by which literature is made, men are very apt to lose their relish for poetry which once delighted them, or which would have delighted them if they had read it in a different frame of mind. There is a deficiency in their enthusiasm; but fortunately they have abundant wells from which the deficiency can be supplied. Women are as ready to furnish enthusiasm as a hatter is to furnish a hat. In some measure their superiority in this respect is due to their temperament and to the general cast of their minds; but it also greatly proceeds from the character of their education and their different habits of life, which preserve them from being mentally used up. Here, again, are two precious qualities—unargumentative suggestiveness and enthusiasm—which are peculiar to women, and which society cannot afford to tamper with or lessen.

It is only another side of Mr. Reeve's views about the intellect of women, when other innovators recommend that girls should be accustomed to play at the same games and indulge in the same amusements as boys. If they are to do the same lessons, they must want, it may be thought, the same recreations; and both sexes ought to balance the composition of Latin Elegiacs by cricket and football. We do not feel attracted by the programme. Young ladies surely can attain and preserve health without anything like public games; and if it is only meant that brothers and sisters should play together at home, they do that already, and very wisely, without any philosopher being required to instruct them. We confess that neither in education, nor in manners or ways of conducting themselves, does there seem much room for improvement in ordinary good English girls. Humanly speaking, the best sort of British young lady is all that a woman can be expected to be—civil, intelligent, enthusiastic, decorous, and, as a rule, prettier than in any other country. We are perfectly satisfied with what we have got. Even the characteristic foibles of young ladies are to be imputed to the general tone of society rather than to themselves. They are certainly a little too much bent on external show, but so is all English society; and their talk is much worse than their acts. No women bear privations, hardships, and difficulties of all sorts more cheerfully, unaffectedly, or bravely. They are also infected with an unhappy taste for religious squabbles and ecclesiastical partisanship. But this is one of the fancies they share with a large portion of the world around them; and in nine cases out of ten, they are simply guided by the opinions and prejudices of some man whom they esteem, revere, or love. They are generally willing to be convinced by the superior attractions of some one of a different school; and they usually take a very mitigated view of points that once seemed to them of overwhelming importance, when the realities of later life—children, bills, servants, and sickness—leave them time to attend to nothing but the essentials of religion.

THE REWARDS OF VIRTUE.

WHEN the English gentleman's business as a politician ends, his occupation as a landlord begins, and it is possible that in many cases the interests of the nation do not suffer by the change. In countries on the Continent—where the rich man leads the life of a perpetual absentee, only migrating from a hotter to a cooler town as the weather becomes intolerable—where the labourer seldom beholds the face of his employer and the landowner rarely visits his estate—the peasantry are poor and wretched, and the nobility are often worthless. Whatever we may lose, we gain something by not being a fashionable or even a literary people, with merely literary tastes. The various classes of our society mix more together, and the intercourse is mutually beneficial. Perhaps the labourer profits the most of all; for farmers in England, as a rule, do less for the class below than the class immediately above does for them. The cottager reaps more advantage from a chance visit of the squire than from the uninterrupted proximity of the petty farmer. Agricultural festivals, accordingly, are among the most admirable incidents of an English autumn. It is from no wish to depreciate their value, that we notice a blemish observable in most of them, which seems to render them less perfect than they might be made. Mr. Disraeli, at Aylesbury, has protested against all criticism on the subject. The critic, he tells us, is a worthless animal. Because criticism, however, has done so little good in his own case, it is not fair to infer that it will be thrown away in that of others.

The agricultural societies scattered through the country are in the habit of giving periodical prizes to the best ploughmen, the best builders of ricks, the best reapers—in a word, to all labourers distinguished for mechanical or agricultural skill. This is a capital custom, and has already been productive of much good. But the societies are also in the habit of bestowing prizes for moral conduct on the most deserving of the working classes. This is anything but a capital custom, and it is one likely to do no good at all. The distinction between the two cases is plain. Those who reward skilful husbandry do not pretend to be better or wiser than the man who receives the reward. They are probably his inferiors in that particular branch which is his forte. The judges, were they to try all day, could not mow grass so well

as the mower who gets the medal. Even if they could, there would be nothing for the mower to be ashamed of, any more than, on the first hypothesis, the judge has reason to be ashamed himself. But to recompense a man for a good life implies a pretension to superiority on the part of him who recompenses. The less is blessed of the greater. As Mr. Walter observed, in an admirable speech at a recent farmers' dinner in Wokingham, "such superiority ought to be very clearly established before it is asserted." Society in England is divided into classes, and Providence has put one class above another, but has given no class the right to profess itself more religious or exemplary than its neighbour.

The wish to see the labourer possessed of as much self-respect and dignity as his employer, proceeds from no anxiety to level social barriers. The servant has definite service to perform towards his master, for which he is paid. He has many other equally important duties to discharge towards him, for which he is not, and never could be paid, any more than the master could be paid for acquitting himself of his part of the reciprocal moral obligation. Working men might fairly refuse to acknowledge in moral matters the jurisdiction of an agricultural tribunal, or to acquiesce in its assumed authority. Would Adam Bede have received his thirty shillings and his new coat, and gone his ways and been thankful? Would any honest mechanic in a town like Manchester? It is not reasonable to conclude that, because the poor man can be tempted into accepting such a position of inferiority, his feelings may not be wounded, and his true progress impeded by his accepting it.

Finally, how miserably inadequate the prizes distributed on these occasions! Too paltry to be a real recompense of merit, they are, with all their paltriness, just useful enough to some poor creature to make him smother his pride and take a gift which burns or ought to burn his hand. Though he cannot afford to be squeamish, he knows in his heart he is ashamed. Blushing like a peony, hat in hand, and tugging at his grizzled hair with an indescribable look of confusion on his weatherbeaten countenance, Walter Wiggins, the father of the parish, is led up like a sheep to the sacrifice. *Consedere duces.* There sit the red-faced burly judges. Gracious heavens! what has Wiggins done that he wears that lang-dog air? What makes him feel so hot and uncomfortable? What crime has he committed that he should be presented in this awful way to his betters? Who is the pompous personage in the chair, and what is that pair of corduroys doing on the table? Heaven knows the poor fellow never was so utterly wretched in his life before, and would rather be gored by the squire's favourite bull than have the ceremony of walking up to go through again. "Wiggins," says the fattest of the gentlemen, eyeing him as if he was some remarkable domestic animal, "you are an honest fellow, and have shown that you know your station in life. Wiggins, an honest man, it has been well observed, is the noblest work of God. His lordship will shake hands with you, Wiggins. This is Walter Wiggins, my lord. A sovereign for you, Wiggins." The fact is, humble worth and an industrious life never lose their reward. For fifty years, man and boy, winter and summer, in sunshine and in rain, this fine old English working man has toiled upon his master's farm without an unloyal thought or a discontented wish. He has asked no favour, but to be allowed to rent some smoky cottage or other. He has taken no alms but a Christmas present from the squire. He has lived, as he will die, in the old place. Which of all the committee sitting there to patronize him has worked on so cheerily and so well with so few comforts? Well, merit is requited even here below. Virtue shines in uncontaminated corduroys at last. Wiggins has his guinea and his gorgeous apparel, that men may learn how Honesty brings its blessing in the long run. "Bow to the gentlemen, Wiggins, and go down. Pass up the next farm labourer."

Such are thy rewards, O Virtue! O Morality, what atrocities do well-meaning people perpetrate in thy name! What old and faithful servant could undergo such an ordeal without a passing thought of the unworthiness of the part which he was playing? Let us ameliorate the moral condition of the labourer by all means, but not begin by taking from him the first element of all morality—self-respect. An air of patronage will ruin the best sermon. No man preaches well who preaches down upon his flock. Let him that is without blame among us, and none else, fling the first corduroys and guinea to be scrambled for by the worthiest of the poor. We may rely upon it the system is a rotten one. There are plenty of methods by which we may do good among the lower classes without claiming a right to bestow these degrading prizes as the return for well-spent lives.

SURNAMES AND TITLES.

THE present year has beheld an unusual number of persons raised to the Peerage. An unusual number of persons have therefore not only gained a different political position, a different rank in society, but have also won the privilege of being called something quite different from what they ever were called before. An unfair burthen is thereby laid upon weak memories and persons not over familiar with the *Court Guide*. With Lord Derby's special handiworks, indeed, the difficulty is not so great. So few people had heard of them by their former designations that no great wall of habit had to be broken down in learning to call them by their new ones. It is no harder to say Lord Tredegar

than it is to say Sir Charles Morgan, and so few people out of South Wales knew the name of Sir Charles Morgan, that the world in general might just as well learn his existence by his new title as by his old. But it is another matter when we come to people of whom we had heard before, whether for good or for evil. Why should he who was so successful in commanding our Indian army, and he who was so unsuccessful in providing that there should be an army to command, be both of them metamorphosed into personages whom nothing whatever connects with their former estate? We remember in times past walking in the direction of Knightsbridge, and having our eyes greeted by the large letters which testified to the existence of a firm trading by the name of "Smith and Baber." The juxtaposition was happy. What was our Indian Empire but another and greater firm of Smith and Baber? Titles and dignities belonged to Baber, or at least to Baber's heir, while the reality of power and patronage fell to the lot of Smith. But, alas, both our partners have vanished. Delhi and Downing-street have alike changed masters; and Leadenhall-street has experienced, if possible, revolutions greater still. The heir of Baber has departed we know not whither, to the Andaman Isles or to the dominions of Ploteock. Smith, too, reigns no longer, but his fall has been gentler and more disguised. Smith pure and simple made way for Smith-Stanley. And when Smith-Stanley in turn made way for the surer bulwark of the *ξύλον* *ρείος*, Smith, reigning no more, personally or by his homonym, could not bear so ignominious a fate. A dethroned Smith could be a Smith no longer. He takes refuge from the taunts of an ungrateful world, and from the memories of vanished greatness, under a title by which no man would undertake to recognise his fallen self. Mr. Smith is not so much promoted as altogether regenerated. It is a new incarnation, a mightier avatar, which comes before us under the quite new guise of my Lord Lyveden.

Here we may perhaps discern a reason. But why should men forsake names, some of which are really glorious, and all of which are at least well known to the world? Why should Sir Colin Campbell cast aside the name by which he won his honours, to become a sort of Scotch Achelous, the robed and coroneted river-god of the Clyde? Surely the interests of Marylebone are unduly sacrificed to those of Monmouthshire, when the Baronet whom they once shared between them is transformed into a Peer whose description—speaking enough, to be sure, in Monmouthshire—must be unmeaning and unpronounceable in Marylebone. The constituents of Mr. Edwin James and Lord Fermoy must be puzzled to recognise their beloved Sir Benjamin in the Cymrian Baron of Llanover. The name may sound well at an Abergavenny Eisteddfod, but who will undertake to utter it in the Marylebone Vestry? Then, too, there are the noble and learned Lords who press upon us by battalions—Truro and St. Leonards, Cranworth and Wensleydale, Chelmsford that is, and Stratheden that is to be. A plain man, not familiar with the House of Lords or the Inns of Court, cannot be expected to remember what each of these noble personages was called when he first appeared before the world in a wig and a stuff gown. Why should Wilde be transformed into Truro, and Thesiger into Chelmsford? Why should Sugden not have remained Sugden, instead of assuming a name suggestive only of the sea-breeze or of the odour of sanctity? "Plain John," to be sure, has not cast away the name of his birth, but how will it be in the next generation? There is no such difficulty about Lord Kenyon, Lord Brougham, Lord Denman, or Lord Macaulay. Everybody knows who they are, or who their fathers or grandfathers were. Their titles surely sound just as well as the others, and they discharge what, we suppose, is the only legitimate use of titles much better. The one class cause deeds to be remembered—the other class cause them to be forgotten.

We fancy there is at the bottom of this a little of what people called "flunkeyism." Some names—good, plain, straightforward English names—are voted plebeian. It would not do openly to decorate the name with the patriciate, whatever you do with its owner. What would the heralds say to Lord Smith or Lord Hall alongside of Howards and Talbots? We say, if Smith and Hall have really done deeds which are fairly honoured by a place alongside of Howards and Talbots, their names are equally noble with theirs, and will with equal justice awaken the family pride of their descendants. The peerage already contains several Smiths, but not one of them ventures to call himself Lord Smith. Why not? Surely not merely to avoid confusion. There have been Lord Howards and Lord Greys at once by half-dozens, and they were easily distinguished by the addition of their places of abode. Lord Talbot de [why not off?] Malahide was not commonly confounded with the Lord Talbot who has now merged himself in Shrewsbury. In the case of a Baron, the place of abode still forms part of the full title, but commonly in a form which is simply rank nonsense. Lord Berkeley of Berkeley is sense, because Berkeley is at once the surname and the place of abode. But Lord Llanover of Llanover, Lord Tredegar of Tredegar, bear titles which are altogether absurd. Lord Hall of Llanover, Lord Morgan of Tredegar, would give a rational description of the man, and would effectually distinguish him from any other Lord Halls or Lord Morgans who might hereafter arise.

The origin of our English titles is a difficult matter; but, as far as we can make out, they were originally of two kinds. An Earldom was originally a territorial office. An Earl of Northumberland, an Earl of Leicester, had real possessions and real

authority in Northumberland or Leicester. And even after Earldoms had become purely honorary, they still remained territorial in their titles. In the Tudor times, many new families were raised to the rank of Earl; but they always received the name of some town or county, and most commonly that of some ancient Earldom which had become extinct. The coronets of Warwick and Leicester, the old honours of a De Montfort and a Nevile, were degraded by the grasp of two successive Dudleys. The Barony in old times was a more purely personal honour. The holder, instead of Master Talbot or Sir John Talbot, was called Lord Talbot—his place of abode distinguishing him from any other Lord Talbot. Perhaps, in strictness, the title was personal, the Barony territorial. Lord Hall, Baron of Llanover, might be the most correct form of all. But certainly, as far as we can remember, the surname was always originally employed as the title—the place of abode, while surnames were still fluctuating, very commonly conferring the surname. But, as the old Baronies were transmissible in the female line, titles soon got into families bearing different names from the original holder. Gradually, newly-created peers began to take the titles of their estates without reference to their own names, especially when those estates had given a title to some earlier peer. Still, as late as Charles the First's time, as appears by a list of the peers of that reign now before us, a large majority of the Barons bore their surnames as their titles. The Earls, on the contrary, are all territorial; there is nothing like the modern Earldoms of Stanhope or Spencer. The single Marquis (Winchester) is territorial—the few Viscounts, nearly all of recent creation, seem to be indiscriminately both ways. But in no case do we see signs of absolutely fancy titles, like our Truros, Chelmsfords, and St. Leonards.

After all, in founding aristocratic families, it is strange that people should forget that nothing is so aristocratic as a surname. The truest aristocracies that the world has seen dispensed with titles altogether. Rome, Venice, Berne got on without Dukes or Marquises. Yet surely to be called Zeno or Erlach was better than to be his Grace or his Lordship; and what coronet, what Imperial crown, could be compared to such an inheritance as the name of Quintus Fabius Maximus? Our English nobility seems to have done all it could to efface its own history. In the case of a surname the history is patent to all. In the pure democracy of the Forest Cantons, one Rudolf Reding commanded at Morgarten; another Rudolf Reding commanded at Granson; and Aloys Reding, as all the world knows, stood forth in 1798 with all the spirit of his ancestor of 1315. Here was a true nobility, worthy of a Fabius or a Decius. But, according to our English system, its memory would have been utterly wiped out. Each century would have brought with it a step in the peerage, and each step a change of title, till none but a professed genealogist would have known anything of the descent of the last Aloys from the first Rudolf. Where would have been the glory of the Gens Fabia if the conqueror of Samnium had been created Count of Sentinum, and the antagonist of Hannibal had been promoted, Spanish fashion, to the higher rank of Duke of Delay? Some of our founders of families seem to have actually amused themselves by a perpetual change of garb. A man must be a tolerably good historian to trace the successive metamorphoses of John Dudley, Viscount Lisle, Earl of Warwick, and Duke of Northumberland; or of Sir Thomas Osborne, Lord Latimer, Earl of Danby, Marquis of Caermarthen, and Duke of Leeds. All this only puzzles plain people, and just stultifies the very object for which honours are conferred. The popular mind sticks to the surname whenever it can. No man ever speaks of the author of the *Novum Organon* as Lord St. Albans; and the last bulwark of Aquitanian independence is far more famous as Talbot than as Earl of Shrewsbury. Marlborough and Wellington are exceptions, and naturally so; because their most famous exploits were done after they became Marlborough and Wellington. Yet, after all, we doubt whether their territorial Duke-doms speak half so forcibly to the plain English mind as the plain English surname of Lord Nelson.

If, then, gentlemen likely to be raised to the Peerage would take counsel with us, we should tell them—Stick to your real names; have the moral courage to call yourselves Lord Stubbs or Lord Tomkins; be a real Smithson rather than a sham Percy. If you are yourselves illustrious, your names will be illustrious after you. We suppose that before the battle of the Nile the name of Nelson sounded no more august than the name of Jackson. And let a man stick to his father's real name. In these days, nobody but a most practised herald can tell who anybody is; so many people assume the name and arms of somebody else. That somebody may be a maternal kinsman or he may be no connexion at all. But in either case the thing is a deception. Doubtless the fault lies most commonly with him who clogs a bequest with a foolish condition, not of course with him who accepts it. But the result is, that a large proportion of our nobles, knights, and esquires appear in borrowed plumes. The process is an absurd one. If a family is extinct, it is extinct. It may be a pity, but it cannot be helped; it is a mere sham to conceal the fact by calling somebody else by its name. It is not like the Roman or Greek practice of adoption. We have no family sacrifices to keep up; the extinction of a *Gens* with us causes no irremediable gap either in Church or State. We could point to whole districts where the chief proprietors thus display themselves in the borrowed

guise of extinct ancient families, which is neither more nor less than an imposition upon simple minds. Alas, the weakness is to be traced even in the ranks of our latest additions to the peerage. We suggested that Lord Tredegar should have been Lord Morgan. Why not rather Lord Gould, the patronymic of the respectable legal baronet who, two generations back, thought proper to metamorphose himself into the descendant of some mythical Silurian prince? And how is it that the son and heir of the house of Smith—plain, honest, Teutonic Smith, reminding us of “those mighty war-smiths, the Angles and Saxons”—is converted, as Northamptonshire electors can testify, into the Gallicized form of Vernon? To be sure, “*Ver non semper viret*.” But, had Lord Lyveden or his son studied comparative mythology they would not have so ungratefully cast away one of the noblest of names. Of the pair of partners with whom we set out, the antiquity of Baber sinks into nothing before the antiquity of Smith. The Great Mogul could trace up a lineal pedigree to Japheth, perhaps quite as authentic as many that are certified by Sir Bernard Burke. But the origin of the Smiths is lost in the most remote mists of venerable mythus. Suffice it to say, that, on high Skaldic authority, the house of Smith derives its descent from one of the earliest of recorded mortals—from a man who had the honour of receiving and feasting one, at least, of the gods of Valhalla. Where were Vernons then? Where were Percys? Why should such recent inventions usurp the place of names of such venerable antiquity, such celestial associations, as Smithson, and its yet nobler parent, Smith?

SERGEANT STORKS ON THE LIBERTY OF THE SUBJECT.

“THIS is a very impartial country for justice,” said the observant Mr. Samuel Weller; “there aint a magistrate going as don’t commit himself twice as often as he commits other people.” His Honour, Serjeant Storks, who appears to be the presiding judge and genius of Bow County Court, in order to keep up the magisterial average, has wisely determined to do away with the custom of committing anybody else at all. Henceforth, within the radius of the enlightened tribunal of Bow, incarceration for debt exists no more. Bow debtors may sleep securely in their beds—no sheriff’s officer will beset the undefended threshold. This has been a year distinguished above its fellows for the many wise and sage remarks which have fallen from judicial lips. Some of them we have thought it our bounden duty to cherish and record. But it has also been a year of extensive reform. It has seen the simplification of more than one tedious process of law. For this little thanks is due to the Privy Council or to her Majesty, or the Houses of Parliament. To borrow the terse and classical language of Serjeant Storks, “they are a cowardly Legislature—a cowardly lot.” England owes all to the spontaneous energy of her itinerant and other judges. A Storks and a Bramwell have been humble instruments in making the British Constitution what it is. King William delivered us from Popery and wooden shoes—the bold Baron of the Western Circuit has freed us from the necessity of attending Divine service and from black caps. A lesser luminary, though one obviously belonging to the Bramwellian “system,” has since arisen in Serjeant Storks, who ushers in an era of financial comfort and universal exemption from liabilities. “*I do not mean*,” says the Serjeant, “*to send people to prison any more*.” Serjeant Storks is a humane man—a very humane man. Serjeant Storks is the debtor’s friend, and the father of the indigent—Serjeant Storks is the benefactor of the human race. Why was he not born an ancient Roman in the time of the Licinian laws, and called Caius Storks Publicola?

The Storks millennium dates from last Saturday, and was ushered in by a remarkable scene at the Bow County Court, in which his Honour gave a brief outline of his views to the public, and straightway proceeded to enforce them. A certain clothier of the neighbourhood had supplied goods to an individual in the West India Docks, who could not be persuaded to pay the bill. The creditor accordingly had betaken himself to legal remedies, and obtained judgment against his debtor in the usual way. The latter had been ordered to discharge the debt by instalments. No doubt was entertained of his ability to pay, yet he seems to have neglected or refused to do so; and, though summoned in consequence, did not appear. An Act passed during the recent session, with the view of diminishing, as far as possible, the number of imprisonments for debt, had expressly precluded from benefiting by its provisions all debtors who, by similar misconduct, had forfeited their claim to be treated leniently. It evidently regarded them as fit subjects for committal. Such being the case, the plaintiff’s solicitor very properly applied to have the recalcitrant defaulter sent to gaol. Whereupon the following dialogue took place:—

The Judge.—It is an abominable system this system of imprisonment for debt. I hold the system to be dishonourable, and it is fast becoming a penal punishment. It is attaching a criminal punishment to the non-performance of a civil contract. Imprisonment for debt is a great thing for the profit of the agent, who holds the liberty of the subject in one hand, and asks for the money with the other. I have a great objection to sending a British subject to gaol. The Legislature had almost abolished imprisonment for debt; but they are a cowardly Legislature, a cowardly lot, and they have not done it. The bill was introduced hurly-burly in the House of Parliament.

Mr. Webb.—Your Honour has already intimated that you will not commit unless fraud is shown. I can show fraud in this case.

His Honour.—I have laid down no rule. I say I am opposed to imprisonment for debt; it leads to no good whatever.

Mr. Webb.—Your Honour is simply a county-court judge, and must administer the law as you find it. You cannot exercise legislative functions.

His Honour.—That is an easy mode of logic.

Mr. Webb.—Until the question is decided by the Legislature, your Honour is bound to commit in certain cases.

His Honour.—That is begging the question.

At the risk of adopting a “mode of logic” too simple for the complicated mind of the worshipful judge, we feel tempted to suggest that the non-performance of a civil contract, if accompanied by fraud, becomes deserving of what he is pleased to call a penal punishment. We should have imagined that Serjeant Storks was placed on the Bench to execute, not to improve on, Acts of Parliament, and that the law was to be carried out even though he had objections to infringing on the liberty of the subject, and was desirous that while Britannia rules the waves, Britons never shall be sent to gaol. Nor can the system of imprisonment for debt be deemed absolutely inefficient when the mere threat of putting it into force had induced the very defendant in question to pay off three previous instalments. But, as his Honour entertains a doubt as to the honesty of menacing any reluctant debtor with the law, it is difficult to know what arguments to use. As an intellectual being, the Serjeant objects to the simplicity of logic; and, as a moral man, he disapproves of discharging debts under compulsion. He hates pressure of all kinds, both in argument and in finance. His theory is a grand one, though perhaps impractical. The “Storkian” system of reasoning is as little calculated, we fear, to operate on the minds of the unenlightened as the “Storkian” system of morals on their purses.

Having enunciated the fundamental doctrines of his new code, his Honour was evidently not the man to shrink from standing by them to the last. The plaintiff’s solicitor, like ourselves, was unconvinced, but Serjeant Storks’ blood was up. The solicitor was obstinate, but the Serjeant rose to the occasion, and was obstinate himself. There is nothing like nailing one’s colours, especially if they be rotten ones, to the mast. In vain it was represented that the defendant had ample means of payment. “Imprisonment for debt,” said his Honour, taking a rapid bird’s-eye view of the requirements of the nineteenth century, “is against the spirit of the age.” “The intentions of the Legislature,” urged the solicitor, “will prove inoperative.” Serjeant Storks did not say, “*D—n* the intentions of the Legislature,” though that was evidently what he meant. “They will become inoperative,” he replied, unmoved by the prospect of the vexation of Parliament, “as far as the exercise of the power of committing goes.” But a Storks must not therefore shrink from his duty. *Fiat justitia, ruat senatus*. What are the intentions of the Legislature to him? Acts of Parliament are nothing without the Royal sanction. Who cares for all the statutes in the statute-book unless Storks has pronounced the magic words, “*Storks le vent*”? Of course, county-court judges have a veto on everything. But we continue our extracts from the Storkian “bed of justice.” *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

Mr. Webb.—Your Honour has refused to commit any person, and there are to-day sixty judgment summonses to be heard.

His Honour.—I will get rid of the sixty persons on the same principle at once, if you like. I shall not commit.

Mr. Webb.—I should advise the tradesmen in this district to be more careful in giving trust.

His Honour.—Let the creditors take care of themselves.

In another case the plaintiff said—If your Honour does not commit to prison, what is the utility of coming here?

His Honour.—No utility at all. I do not mean to send people to prison any more.

Plaintiff.—What will become of my money?

His Honour.—You will probably never have it.

Plaintiff.—Do you call that justice?

His Honour.—I have laid down a general principle, and I am that principle. (Loud laughter.)

Hitherto we saw how the Serjeant was the final legislative authority in the State—the *tria juncta in uno*—Queen, Lords, and Commons all in one. We have now arrived at the full development of the “Storkian” philosophy—*L’Etat c’est Storks*. The Serjeant, who in a preceding colloquy denied that he had laid down any rule at all, has ceased to be a material substance, and has actually grown, not only into a rule, but into a “principle.” The individual is merged in the idea—the man becomes the maxim. Sixty creditors, it is true, are sacrificed; but the Serjeant, viewed in the light of a delicate impersonation, is well worth a hecatomb. What if the sublimation of Storks continues to progress at this rate, and he is lost altogether to the naked eye and the judicial bench? Such a thing might happen if the Lord Chancellor turned his gaze in the direction of Bow County Court. All that would be left of his Honour might possibly be an exquisite reminiscence. It must indeed be confessed that some such further metamorphosis is expedient, if the world is to be governed by prudential rules. Storks as a permanent “principle” is unspeakably beautiful, but as a permanent “principle” would be expensive. He is too transcendental, too aerial for mundane uses. He and Astræa must together be content to wait till the Golden Age begins, which cannot be till we have done with gold as a circulating medium. Refusing, as he does, to acknowledge the possibility of sending any one to gaol, he is not suited to the present dispensation. We must all see that the Serjeant is ripe for better things. It is not to be tolerated that he should be kept dangling between heaven and earth

in a county court. Our readers will perceive from the following quotation, which shall be our last, that the prematurely spiritual Storks has ceased to believe in any necessity for money:—

In a third case, his Honour again refused to commit. The plaintiff exclaimed, "How shall I get my money? What shall I do?" His Honour—"Go without" (laughter).

Yes, there can no longer be any doubt. The Serjeant is either a monomaniac or a divinity. In neither case is he fitted to be a county-court judge.

MINT, ANISE, AND CUMMIN.

NATIONS, like village gossips, are very much in the habit of talking over the affairs of their neighbours; and, as in the domestic parallel, the piquancy of scandal is increased if it happens to be about our own relations. We own that, at the present moment, there is much going on in the households of our national sisters which is of unusual interest to Mrs. Bull. A Royal Commission is travelling over moral Scotland to inquire into the working of the Forbes Mackenzie Act—in other words, to see whether the vice of drunkenness has been effectually dealt with by recent legislation, or whether, as a very active party wishes, some more stringent police measure for compelling men not to make beasts of themselves is not the best policy for the land of Knox. In Ireland, on the other hand, which has a bad name for all manner of wickedness, and in which the crop of national wild oats has always been most prolific and perennial, we are told that a wonderful change over the whole population of a considerable district has taken place; and the *Times* gives daily details of the Revival from a correspondent, J. C., in whose fine Italian hand we recognise the hack theological *littérateur* who has just come out with a stunning novelty in the shape of the Great Tribulation, done with the scenic effects usually reserved to the last *tableau* of a Christmas pantomime. Hereupon we are set a-thinking. Was not Scotland the scene of a revival much larger, much deeper, and much more edifying than that of Belfast? Is not Scotland the parent—indeed, the present home—of that purest form of religion which culminated in the religious Commonwealth of New England, and attained a brief, but respectable, success in the Puritan ascendancy of Cromwell's time? If Scotland did all this, and produced that long array of God-fearing generations, with its deep and earnest theology, its grave kirk sessions and discipline, how is it that it has come to this pass? How are we to account for the backsliding from John Knox and his revival to the state of things which has called for a Forbes Mackenzie Act, and which is said to justify, if not to demand, a further root-and-branch reform in the shape of more compulsory morality and a Maine Liquor Law? If this is the end of it in Scotland, can we reckon on more permanent results from the Irish revivals? The same blood seems to be susceptible of the same influences. North Ireland is only a Scotch and Puritan settlement; it is now witnessing a moral regeneration; and is it destined to go through what appears to be the inevitable cycle of unnatural religion and a corresponding and equally unnatural moral debasement? It is the fact that Scotland presents the spectacle of the most Puritanized and most drunken community on the face of the earth. Nowhere is the strict interpretation of the letter more popular, and nowhere are the more free, and liberal, and practical influences of the spirit more disregarded. The Sabbath is kept, but the moral law is set aside. The reaction is most complete on the platform where the strictest and strictest Puritanism flourished. New York is about the most profligate city in the world; in Geneva, religion is all but unknown; and in Glasgow, the sons of the Covenanters are the most drunken population on the face of the earth.

These are the historical consequences of a popular religion which has produced such events as the Ulster revivals; and we are at least justified by precedent in anticipating the like results of the present alleged awakening. Dr. Cumming has settled the end of all things in the next seven years, and may therefore be careless of the lessons of the past in his satisfied contemplation of the very brief future which is reserved for the sons of men. But for those who think that a little more of the ordinary slow, and weary, and common-place work of attempting to grapple with moral evil is reserved for the world, and who have learned to distrust sudden and spasmodic revivals in religion and morals, the question arises, what is the root of failure in all these attempts to renovate social ethics by other than the old tedious processes? We may perhaps discover this again in an even older Puritanism. The Judaic code was, in its later debasements, much what Puritanism is. Puritanism is only a revived Judaism. Both systems are of the letter—both interfere with the most minute particulars of daily life—both prescribe small, insignificant, hard, harsh, cast-iron, inflexible observances—both attempt to make man walk in fetters—both are cramping, servile systems. Their principle is—Touch not, Taste not, Handle not. Against this system Christianity was and is the natural protest and reaction—Christianity, that is, in its essential character—the Christianity of the spirit and not of the letter. But Christianity is always tending to the same leaven which debased Judaism. It is always tending to that Christian Judaism which has effloresced in the minute interferences of Puritanism and the technical system of Rome. It may astound the Exeter Hall professors to be assured that, as far as principle goes, their religion and that of the casuists is

the same. What Pascal exposed in the minute and consequently immoral rules for Direction is much the same as what the New England legislators reduced to a political and police system. What came of it in the land of the Emigrant Fathers we all know. The end of the laws prohibitory of drunkenness and all manner of loose living and ungodly talk was what we see in the United States, where, by a refined and curious profusion in blasphemy, immorality, and universal tipping, the sons of the *Mayflower* pilgrims attest the wisdom of their ancestors.

Our great objection, then, to the Forbes Mackenzie Act, and to the proposed legislation with respect to intoxicating drinks, such as the suggested introduction of the Maine Liquor Law, is the intrinsic Judaism of these measures. They have been tried and failed. The Pharisees tried this sort of thing; the Puritans tried it; the technical morality of the Roman schools tried it; and in each and every case with deplorable results to morality. This, too, is the vice of all the minuter systems of legislation. Prohibitory duties, systems of licensing, interferences with the freedom of commerce and the like—all these defeat their own objects. Unless we observed indications and tendencies of a wish to recur to a debased and debasing system, we should not be at the trouble of showing what ignorance of morality is really at the bottom of all this restrictive legislation. But, false and debasing as the principle of it is, the more popular test of its failure in practice is constantly occurring to convict this mint, anise, and cummin method of law-making. The working of the Forbes Mackenzie Act illustrates what we have been arguing. This remarkable measure presents a tolerably perfect attempt to realize in a single department what the Judaizing and Puritanical spirit would wish to introduce into the entire statute-book. Two cases have recently been disposed of in the Edinburgh Police Court which illustrate the oppression and constant interference of this sort of law with the common concerns of life. The Act restrains the publican from selling provisions to be consumed off the premises, and prohibits the dealer in eatables from selling exciseable liquors. The consequence is, that the victim of law is compelled to take his meat and drink horse fashion. He must first bolt his provender at one shop, and then rush to another for the means of washing it down. If a *restaurateur* may sell us a game pie, we must not take it home to enjoy it in the bosom of our families; and though a railway traveller may purchase six buns at the counter of the refreshment-room, they must all be gobbled up on the platform; for fine and imprisonment await, probably the purchaser—certainly the vendor—if he surreptitiously conveys a single lump of the indigestible nastiness to be consumed in the recesses of the carriage. Human folly, or the malignity which delights in petty tortures, could scarcely have invented a more refined system of deliberate vexation and stupidity. The Act perhaps wanted this or some such crucial experiment to expose its perverse absurdity. But this instance, though an extreme one, is only a specimen of what always comes of these interferences with our proper human liberty. And, after all, they do no good whatever. Is the great Temperance cause furthered by compelling a railway traveller to bolt all his food within the station? Or is morality the gainer by prohibiting an innkeeper from sending home a venison pasty? We are further tempted to ask, what is the moral use of a license at all? Or why should the sale of certain articles, "tea, sugar, snuff, and tobacco," "beer, wines, and spirituous liquors," require a bit of parchment and a certain fee which is not considered necessary in the matter of beef, bread, and candles? Of course we know that the taxes must be kept up; but one sees no principle in the licensing system. It might be well to license all shopkeepers—it might be well to get rid of licenses altogether. But, as far as principle goes, there is nothing more immoral in selling beer than in selling hats; and as we presume that the Legislature does not intend, by the fact of a license, to discourage the sale of any particular article—though something of this sort may have been originally at the bottom of the publican's license—we should like to know what is gained by making the sale of tea and coffee more difficult. In other words, is it not that we blow hot and cold. We discourage both bane and antidote, and, by enforcing both publicans' and grocers' licenses, make it equally hard to buy intoxicating and non-intoxicating liquors. Whisky and tea are alike pursued under difficulties.

THE FLOGGING QUESTION.

IT is curious to watch the influence which the season of the year exercises on the public spirit and the humanity of our countrymen. It is astonishing how perfunctory a reprobation is in autumn adequate for an offence which in spring would have been visited with all the concentrated fury of an outraged nineteenth century. If the Woolwich soldier had only been flogged in March! What capital for metropolitan members, what fuel for indignation meetings! How fiercely the platforms would have stormed, how bravely their Parliamentary repeaters would have barked, how eagerly the War Office would have hastened to disavow the proceeding, and how virtuously they would have pitched over the commanding officer as a tub to the spouting whales around them! *Mais c'est trop tard.* The grievance is full six months too late. The orators who should have denounced it are on their travels, and the moral sense that should have been indignant is entirely engrossed with the misdeeds of pointers, or the deplorably low

morality of hotel-keepers. In vain are the usual stimulants applied. The *Times* thunders against the officers who have been bloodthirsty enough to obey the Mutiny Act—but only with second-rate thunder, for the first-rate thunder is in Switzerland. Mr. Bright exerts all his powers of invention, slanders the sergeants in easy, demagogic style, and dresses out the deliberate emblezzler of the bounty in the touching guise of a boy of fifteen, enticed from his mother during an ale-house carouse. The penny papers are all up in full cry at the horror of the earth having been reddened by the blood, as if they expected it would have been whitened. But it is all in vain. The partridges have proclaimed a truce to politics, and journalists must give way. Neither pokes nor carresses, neither exhortations nor oburgations, will stir up the British lion to desist from his autumnal gambols for the sake of any flogged deserter upon earth. It was just the same with the confessional last year. If the Buckinghamshire nymph of unblemished fame had only kept her revelations of Mr. West's catechetical enormities till the end of November, we should probably have had all England in an uproar, and a Protestant agitation, with Lord Shaftesbury at its head, for the abolition of question and answer. As it was, Lord Shaftesbury was otherwise engaged, and the public were too well employed to relish the sport of curate-hunting, which, in winter or spring, is not without its charms. If the Emperor Napoleon knows us well—as he unquestionably does—he will select September as the best month for invading England. We doubt very much whether even the Channel fleet could be got to sea until the grouse-shooting was over.

In the meantime, as public clamour has not carried the question by assault, there is time for calmly considering what are the advantages and disadvantages of the punishment of flogging, and on which side the balance inclines. And as it appears that the authorities in Coldbath-fields Prison have followed the example of the Horse Guards in betaking themselves once more to the regular employment of this primitive weapon of discipline, it seems likely that the question will come up for consideration in relation to our civil as well as our martial jurisprudence. To the favourite objection, conveyed in such epithets as "inhuman," "barbarous," "unworthy of the nineteenth century," we cannot attach much weight. It is not merely that they are sentimental, but they are the sentimentality of a very narrow class. There are many sentimental fancies, which, whatever the philosopher may think of them, must command practical deference simply from their prevalence. But in the present case this note of validity is wanting. That this punishment is still in vogue at public schools proves incontestably that the large mass of the upper and middle class are not inclined to proscribe it; and no one who is conversant with our lower classes, or has even caught the glimpses into their tone of thought which the assize and police courts constantly open, can seriously impute any sentimental horror of it to them. So far as it extends beyond mere fanatics, this tenderness belongs exclusively to that cloistered refinement of feeling which is engendered so largely by a highly developed education in those who have had no occasion to see and touch the harsher side of life. It is impractical, but it is amiable; and, manifesting itself almost without exception in the higher class of minds, it is sure to gain for itself more attention than it deserves. In fact, the cry against flogging originated with a school, now discredited, but once very influential, who carried this tenderness much further, and tried to formulate it into a system. The philanthropists of punishment—Captain McConnochie and Mr. Recorder Hill are specimens—were the offspring of a reaction from that sanguinary code which Sir Robert Peel overthrew. Though they preserved the name of punishment, they in reality objected to it altogether. They did not believe in the possibility of checking crime by the terror of an example. In their view, the only duty of the law with respect to a criminal was to convey him to a certain moral hospital called a prison, where, by the application of solitude, cleanliness, work, rewards, and chaplain's sermons, in fixed doses, the patient was to be cured of the unfortunate moral disease of which burglary had been the salient symptom. The law, as conceived by them, was not a menace, but a medicine. Such punishments, therefore, as pillory, stocks, and flogging, whose operation is purely deterrent, they inveighed against as mere blind and barbarous acts of revenge. This philanthropic school has fallen into disrepute since the ticket-of-leave men have made the public practically sensible of the inconveniences of the disease of burglary with which they were afflicted. But the outcry against flogging is chiefly due to their inspiration, and it is only on their principles that the objections commonly brought against it can be maintained. The only reason of weight that can be urged against it is that it so degrades the sufferer in his own eyes that he does not readily recover his self-respect. In a degree, this must be true of all punishment; for punishment without disgrace, unless it inflicted the severest bodily pain, would be no punishment at all. It is true that in certain cases, where the culprit happens to be a man of some refinement, the degradation is excessive and irreparable. Both in prison and at school it may inflict a permanent moral injury on a peculiarly sensitive nature. And this is a great objection to the punishment, that it operates so unequally—visiting one with nothing worse than the bare pain, and loading another with a lasting weight of shame compared to which the pain is inappreciable. But neither fine nor imprisonment are exempt from this vice of inequality; and as long as the sensitiveness of men's

natures differs so widely, it is difficult to see how any punishments can operate with an approach to equity.

On the other hand, there are very serious drawbacks to short imprisonments, which are the only possible substitute for flogging. In the army they are impracticable on account of the scale on which they must be applied. At the rate at which desertion is going on, a very large proportion of the defenders of their country would spend their first year of service in separate stone cells—a position in which their military value would be small. As a matter of finance, it would hardly be worth while to send recruiting sergeants round the country to give men six pounds simply to enable them to cost twenty more in prison. The essence of the punishment of imprisonment is time, and time is precisely the thing an army cannot spare. It needs its men at once. The only punishment available is one that can be inflicted and forgotten in a week. As a matter of course, even if flogging were abandoned in England, it must be resumed on stations where there are no military prisons; and we fear the earth would be just as much reddened at Hong Kong as at Woolwich.

In regard to civil offences, of course the objection would not be the same. There is no difficulty whatever about time, for the longer the convict remains in prison the better for his country. The difficulty is in exactly the opposite direction. Long imprisonments are reserved for heavier offences than any for which a flogging could be deemed adequate; and short imprisonments are generally admitted to be the most futile punishment that can be conceived. They answer neither of the two theories of punishment—they are worthless alike in a deterrent or in a reformatory point of view. However effective the marks, good books, and chaplain's sermons may be in curing chronic burglary or obstinate pocket-picking, the short imprisonments do not give them time to act. And if they do not cure the thief, neither do they frighten him. Several years in prison is a blank prospect even for the most thoughtless Arab of the street; but no one who has not a mission in life will be very much alarmed at having to spend two months of it in a place where he is better housed and fed than he is at home. Really, to a poor man, a modern gaol is scarcely worse than a country-house where the hours are rather strict to a rich man. But with none of the advantages, the short terms retain all the evil of an imprisonment. They neither cure the thief nor frighten him, but they brand him. The insuperable obstacle to all reformatory efforts has always been the difficulty of finding a livelihood for the reformed. There is a natural prejudice against the employment of discharged prisoners; and yet, if they are not employed, they starve, and must steal to live. It is no matter whether the period of the imprisonment has been long or short; if a man is once a "gaol-bird," masters will not hire him and servants will not work with him. If he has been in prison at all, it may have been for a grave crime, or it may have been for a light one—nobody knows. It is safer to have nothing whatever to do with prisoners. But a broad generic distinction establishes itself in the mind of the British householder between the man who has been imprisoned and the man who has been only flogged; for he knows that the flogging must have implied a comparatively venial charge.

If flogging were pitted as a punishment against long imprisonments, it would fail, from the entire absence of the reformatory element. But in the army, long imprisonments, as a common punishment, are impracticable, and before Courts of Law they are reserved for grave offences. Contrasted with short imprisonments, flogging has the advantage that it does deter the culprit, and does not ruin him for life. In any reform of our punitive law—and such a reform is urgently demanded—the question of short imprisonments must be dealt with. It is possible that the philanthropists will have to give way, and that the law which, under the influence of a reaction, has swayed over too much towards leniency, will find its equilibrium in a slight increase of rigour. But if it be so, we must warn them that they must stoically reconcile themselves to the fact that the lash, if used, will draw blood, and that the blood, if it trickles down, will redden the earth on which it falls.

REVIEWS.

JAMES'S NAVAL HISTORY.*

THIS volume of the *Naval History* comprises the last and most distinguished years of the career of Nelson. It describes the attack on Copenhagen by which the armed neutrality was broken up, the vast preparations made by France to invade England, and the destruction of Napoleon's hopes by the defeat of the Franco-Spanish navy at Trafalgar. Early in the year 1801 this country, then at war with France and Spain, was menaced by the armed neutrality of Russia, Sweden, and Denmark. The Spanish fleet was wholly under the control of France, and in French and Spanish ports alike lay squadrons ready to put to sea and assail our colonies and commerce wherever they could find an unguarded point. From Ostend all round to Toulon it was necessary to watch every port, and we had also to pro-

* *The Naval History of Great Britain, from the Declaration of War by France in 1793 to the Accession of George IV.* By William James. A New Edition, with Additions and Notes. In 6 vols. Vol. III. London: Bentley, 1859.

vide against the threatened hostility of the Northern Powers. To meet this danger a fleet of eighteen sail-of-the-line was despatched to the Baltic under Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, with Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson as his second. The nominal force of the three Powers against which this fleet was destined to act amounted to no less than one hundred and twenty-three sail-of-the-line. But half the Russian fleet was in the Black Sea; and of the other half not more than twenty sail could be reckoned as effective, and these were badly equipped, ill appointed, and worse manned. The Swedes had eleven sail-of-the-line ready for sea and in tolerable fighting trim, and the Danes had ten sail. This makes forty-one sail of effective ships, and, says Mr. James, "it must have been a very happy combination of circumstances that could have assembled in one spot twenty-five of those forty-one sail-of-the-line; and against those twenty-five, made up of three different nations, all mere novices in naval tactics, eighteen, or, with a Nelson to command them, fifteen British sail-of-the-line were more than a match." If, in spite of this explanation, it should seem rashness in the British Government to send so small a force into the Baltic, it must be remembered that they had no more to send. It is characteristic of our Admiralty that the danger should have been so boldly met, and also that, having the power to appoint Nelson of the Nile, they should have given the command to the respectable veteran Sir Hyde Parker. It is not exactly that the naval authorities neglect confessed genius, but they seem always to think that genius will work best when weighted with mediocrity.

At the end of March the British fleet passed the Sound, keeping on the Swedish side, where there was not even a show of opposition, and thus avoiding the fire of nearly one hundred guns mounted on the Danish Castle of Cronenburg. It might have happened, in case of a retreat, that the Swedes would have shown less forbearance; and, in estimating the boldness of the expedition, we must not forget that the only passage open for its return lay through a strait three miles wide, commanded from either side by hostile batteries. After passing the Sound, the fleet anchored while the principal officers reconnoitred the defences of Copenhagen. At a council of war much was urged to forego, or at least to delay, an attack; but Nelson offered, with ten sail-of-the-line and all the small craft, to carry the business through in a proper manner, and this offer was accepted by the Commander-in-Chief. The force at Copenhagen was not the only obstacle to be surmounted. The approach to it was by a channel extremely intricate and little known. The Danes, of course, had taken care to remove or misplace the buoys, and Nelson's first duty was to ascertain and rebuoy what is called the Outer Channel. This done the fleet weighed, and shortly afterwards reanchored about six miles from the city of Copenhagen. A shoal, called the Middle Ground, extends along the whole sea-front of the city, leaving an intervening channel of deep water about three-quarters of a mile wide. In this channel, close to the town, the Danes had moored their block-ships, floating batteries, and smaller vessels. Nelson once more examined the position he was about to attack, and shortly afterwards his squadron again set sail, leaving the Admiral at anchor with the remainder of the fleet. Nelson's ships coasted along the edge of the Middle Ground until they had reached and partly rounded its southern extremity. The north-westerly wind, which had blown so fair for passing along the Outer Channel, was now as foul for advancing by the inner one. This, however, occasioned no delay, as it was now dark; and for so difficult a navigation daylight was as indispensable as a fair wind. The squadron therefore anchored. During the night a boat took soundings close up to the Danish line. The Danes had eighteen vessels, chiefly old and in a dismantled state, moored in a line from a mile to a mile and a half long, and mounted with 628 guns, of which more than half were 24-pounders. This line was flanked at the north end by two artificial islands, called the Trekroner batteries, one of thirty 24, the other of thirty-eight 36-pounders, and was also strengthened by some other batteries on shore. Further north lay four two-decked ships and some smaller vessels, and along the shore of Amag Island, a little to the southward of the floating line of defence, were several gun and mortar batteries. The whole line of defence covered an extent of between three and four miles. It is desirable to understand exactly the nature of the defences of Copenhagen, because Nelson's exploit has frequently been misrepresented, and because officers of other times have been unjustly censured for not attempting things which, on this occasion, Nelson certainly did not perform.

The 2nd of April, 1801, opened with a favourable, or south-easterly wind. At 9:30 A.M. the signal was made to weigh in succession. The *Agamemnon*, from her position, could not weather the shoal, and was obliged to reanchor nearly in the spot from which she had weighed. The *Bellona* and the *Russel* grounded. The other ships, profiting by their experience, passed without accident to their allotted stations. At 10 A.M. the cannonade commenced, and at 11:30 the action became general. The absence of the *Russel*, *Bellona*, and *Agamemnon* occasioned several of the British ships to receive a greater share of the enemy's fire than had been allotted to them or than they were well able to bear. The *Amazon* and two other frigates, which, in the absence of heavier ships, had taken a position right against the Trekroner batteries, were heavy sufferers, and about 1 P.M. they were compelled to haul off. At 1:30 the fire of the Danes slackened, and a little before 2 it ceased along the greater part of their line. But few of the vessels which had struck would

suffer themselves to be taken possession of. They fired at the boats which approached for that purpose, and the batteries on shore aided them. Under these circumstances, Lord Nelson sent a flag of truce on shore with a letter complaining of this conduct and threatening to burn his prizes. In the meantime, the fire of the remaining ships in the Danish line was silenced, but the great Trekroner battery was comparatively uninjured, and it continued its fire until a Danish flag of truce appeared bearing an answer to Lord Nelson's letter. The battery then ceased firing, and the action, after having continued five hours, was brought to a close. Further negotiation now took place, and the British ships, which had anchored to attack the enemy, now weighed or slipped their anchors, and endeavoured to withdraw themselves from the intricate channel which they had entered. In this attempt the *Defiance* and *Elephant* grounded about a mile from the Trekroner, and remained fixed for many hours. The greater part of the eighteen Danish ships or floating hulks moored southward of the Trekroner were knocked to pieces, and the British captured or destroyed thirteen of them.

An armistice was agreed to, and Denmark engaged to suspend all proceedings under the treaty of armed neutrality which she had entered into with Sweden and Russia. Soon after Sweden agreed to treat for the accommodation of all existing differences; and the death of the Emperor Paul of Russia opened the way to reconciliation with that Power. The British fleet found no further opportunity to display its prowess in the North, but it excited the astonishment of all the surrounding nations by entering the Baltic through the difficult channel of the Grounds, and afterwards quitting it by the Great Belt. It is contended by the Danes that Copenhagen was a drawn battle. However this may be, it is certain that the British fleet took and disposed of a dozen prizes, and prevailed on the Danish Government to listen to pacific overtures. The boldness and skill with which the attack was made furnish a bright example to commanders who possess in steam ships such vastly enlarged facilities for contending with variable winds and a difficult channel flanked by hostile batteries. But an impatient public, who are tempted to compare the officers of our own day with Nelson, should bear in mind that two of his line-of-battle ships took the ground in entering, and two more in quitting, the scene of action; and his success was achieved against a line of ships and floating batteries, while the shore defences of Copenhagen appear to have been but slightly injured. Lord Nelson's exploit proves nothing as to the efficiency of ships against stone walls, or against mud banks, which are far more dangerous than stone. But the example of the Government which ordered, and of the fleet which carried into effect, these vigorous measures against the Danes, will be always memorable as showing how a formidable confederacy and junction of enormous paper forces may be encountered and broken up by assuming a determined initiative without delay.

The cloud which had gathered in the North was thus happily dispersed, but the vigour and firmness of the English Administration was destined to be tried, at a later time, by a far more dangerous combination of hostile forces. In the spring of 1803, war had succeeded to the short peace between France and England; and, in December, 1804, Spain placed her fleet and her resources at the disposal of Napoleon. A combined force of upwards of seventy line-of-battle ships thus became available against us; and although a larger number appeared in the official lists, we could not reckon upon more than about eighty sea-going ships to defend our colonies and our own coasts. Troops had been collected and transports built at all convenient ports for invading England; and Napoleon's cherished scheme was to distract the attention of our commanders by various expeditions, so that a French fleet might, at some lucky moment, reach the Channel before them, and protect his army as it crossed to invade England. At the commencement of the year 1805, Admiral Cornwallis lay at his station off Ushant, with only eleven sail of the line, while the French fleet ready for sea in the road of Brest numbered twenty-one sail. The perseverance with which, during a period of twenty-two months, including two boisterous winters, Admiral Cornwallis had maintained the blockade of Brest, affected his health, and obliged him to seek a short relaxation on shore. On the 15th of April, the French fleet made an attempt to put to sea, under urgent orders from Napoleon, but the appearance of Admiral Lord Gardner with twenty-four sail in the offing, drove it back. The Toulon fleet was now at sea, and Napoleon's object was, that the two fleets should join in the West Indies, and after ravaging the British possessions there return to the Channel, augmented by the Rochefort and Ferrol squadrons to fifty-six sail of the line. It was then that the great blow was to be struck. But let us see how the Toulon fleet managed for so many months to elude the vigilance of Nelson. At the end of 1804, there lay in the port of Ferrol five French and seven Spanish ships ready for sea, and a British squadron of seven sail watched them. In Cadiz lay one French and seven Spanish ships, and in Carthagea six Spanish ships. In Toulon the French had eleven ships. Cadiz was watched by five or six British ships, which also kept an eye on Carthagea, in conjunction with Lord Nelson, who, with ten ships, made Toulon his peculiar care. The French had also six ships in Rochefort, and these were usually watched by a detachment of the Channel fleet. At the beginning of 1805, therefore, Napoleon directed the movements of squadrons lying in these six ports—Brest and Rochefort in France, Ferrol, Cadiz, and Carthagea in Spain, and Toulon in France. British squadrons, usually of inferior

force, maintained the blockades of all these ports as closely as weather would permit. They were exposed to all the storms of winter, and at any moment a hostile squadron in one port might contrive to baffle the vigilance which watched for it, and, appearing suddenly before another port, aid the ships which lay there to overwhelm the blockading force.

On the 17th of January, 1805, the French fleet of eleven ships put to sea from Toulon. Lord Nelson then lay at anchor in Agincourt Sound, on the north coast of the island of Sardinia. He sought the enemy vainly round that island and off Naples and Sicily, and then, believing that Egypt was his destination, he sailed there in search of him. But the French fleet had encountered a violent gale of wind in the Gulf of Lyons, and had returned to port. Lord Nelson regained the neighbourhood of Toulon, but was obliged to quit his station to obtain supplies, and on the 29th of March the French fleet again put to sea. On the 8th of April it passed through the Straits of Gibraltar, drove the English squadron of five ships from off Cadiz, and being joined by six Spanish ships lying in that port, made sail for the West Indies, and arrived at Martinique on the 13th of May. Lord Nelson had failed in all his efforts to fall in with the enemy in the Mediterranean, and the prevalence of strong southerly and westerly winds made it the 30th of April ere he caught sight of the rock of Gibraltar. There was then no possibility of passing the Straits with the prevailing wind, and it was not until the 7th of May that the fleet got through them. Lord Nelson had supposed that the French fleet was gone to Ireland, but learning that its real destination was the West Indies, thither he resolved to follow it. Having by extraordinary exertions provisioned his ships for five months, he sailed westward with ten ships in pursuit of eighteen of the enemy. One of the British ships, the *Superb*, had not been in a home port for more than four years, and was in a very crazy state. Napoleon had not reckoned upon such a determined perseverance in the pursuit of his Toulon fleet. He writes about this time that he thinks Nelson must be still in the European seas, and had probably returned to England to refit his squadron, which "peut être considérée comme étant en très-mauvais état"—and this was true enough. The combined fleet lay at Martinique until the 4th of June, when it weighed and made sail for Guadaloupe, and afterwards for the neighbourhood of Antigua, as if with the intention of operating among the British islands. It was joined by two sail-of-the-line from Rochefort, and it captured and afterwards destroyed a British homeward-bound convoy from Antigua valued at 200,000*l*. By the 9th of June, the French admiral learned that Lord Nelson had arrived in the West Indies in pursuit of him. The troops which he had withdrawn from Martinique and Guadaloupe to aid in his intended operations against the British colonies were hastily disembarked. The captured British fleet of slow-sailing merchantmen was destroyed in order to save time, and the combined fleet made all sail for Europe. On the 9th of July it arrived off Cape Finisterre, in Spain, having on its homeward voyage captured a British privateer, with its prize, a Spanish galleon, having treasure on board of the value of 600,000*l*. Lord Nelson reached the West Indies on the 4th of June. He was off Antigua on the 13th, within three days after the French admiral; and thence, with only his own discretion for his guide, he hastened towards Europe, and on the 17th of July came in sight of Cape St. Vincent. His run out and home amounted to nearly seven thousand miles. He had driven the enemy from our rich possessions in the West Indies before they had time to inflict upon us any loss beyond the capture of the convoy, and without even staying long enough to disembark in the French islands the troops which they had carried out. And this he had done with a fleet scarcely fit in ordinary times to keep the sea, and with his own health shattered by anxiety and long confinement on board ship. It should be observed that Lord Nelson found in the West Indies a squadron of six sail-of-the-line which had been detached from the Channel fleet in pursuit of a French squadron supposed to have escaped from Rochefort. He left five of these ships for the protection of the British colonies, and joining the other to his own ten ships proceeded in pursuit of the enemy's twenty sail—not, however, intending, under all circumstances, to attack them, but hoping that his own superior tactics would find some favourable opportunity. On the 19th of July the British fleet anchored in Gibraltar Bay, and "on the 20th," says Lord Nelson in his diary, "I went on shore for the first time since June 16, 1803, and from having my foot out of the *Victory* two years wanting ten days." After obtaining provisions and water, but no recent intelligence of the enemy, the fleet on the 25th quitted Gibraltar and proceeded off Cape St. Vincent. Northerly winds impeded the pursuit in what seemed the most likely quarter, and it was not until the 15th of August that Lord Nelson joined Admiral Cornwallis off Ushant and learned all that had happened. Leaving nine of his ships as a reinforcement to the Channel fleet, he proceeded with the *Victory* and *Superb* to Portsmouth, and there struck his flag and went on shore. When he again embarked it was to take command of the fleet which gained the battle of Trafalgar.

But although the combined fleet had thus far escaped Lord Nelson, it did not make good its destined port, Ferrol, without a battle. Immediately on receiving intelligence that this fleet was probably on its homeward voyage, the Admiralty sent out orders to the squadrons blockading Rochefort and Ferrol to unite under

Sir Robert Calder and cruise thirty or forty leagues westward of Cape Finisterre to intercept it. The rapidity with which this decision was taken in London excited the astonishment of Napoleon. In each of the ports of which the blockades had thus been raised lay ready for sea a squadron equal to or exceeding that by which it had been blockaded. A combination of these squadrons with the fleet returning from the West Indies would have brought upon Sir Robert Calder a force more than twice his own. But fortune granted him the opportunity, which she had hitherto denied to Nelson, of meeting the hostile fleet upon something near equal terms. Sir Robert Calder was a brave and skilful officer, and in a time of great difficulty he did his duty with prudence and with moderate success. But he did not feel, as Nelson felt, that great risk must be run and heavy sacrifices incurred in order to save his country from the imminent peril of invasion. It was on the 22nd of July that Sir Robert Calder, with fifteen sail-of-the-line, fell in with the combined fleet of twenty sail, then steering a direct course for Ferrol, and distant from it about one hundred and fifty miles. Lord Nelson, it will be remembered, was then lying at Gibraltar. The combined fleet, as above stated, had made Cape Finisterre on the 9th of July, but a violent gale from the north-east had driven it out to sea, and it was not until about the 20th that it was again able to make progress towards Ferrol. The action lasted from 5:20 P.M. till nightfall. Two Spanish ships were taken, and one British ship was disabled. Next day the enemy, having, as on the preceding day, the weather-gage, did not use it to renew the action. During the next night the wind shifted, and on the 24th the British were to windward, and might probably have brought on an engagement. No attempt of the kind was made. Sir Robert Calder, unless some unlooked-for advantage should offer itself, did not intend to become the assailant. He would neither attack nor retreat, nor would he deviate from the course necessary to convoy his crippled ship and his two prizes beyond the reach of danger. He knew that the ships composing his fleet had been abstracted from watching as many enemy's ships as composed the combined fleet, and that those ships would, on the raising of the blockades, put to sea, and endeavour to join the fleet with which he had been engaged. Indeed, on the 23rd, the Rochefort squadron was on the very spot on which the battle of the preceding day had been fought. In the first years of the war, Sir Robert Calder's exploit would have been hailed as an important victory; but the battle of the Nile had taught the public to be dissatisfied with anything short of complete success. Sir Robert Calder was compelled to demand a court-martial upon his conduct, and he was "severely reprimanded" for not having done his utmost to renew the engagement on the 23rd and 24th of July; but the sentence admitted that he had not been actuated either by cowardice or disaffection.

The primary destination of the combined fleet, when it quitted the West Indies, had been Ferrol, and, having been left without further molestation by Sir Robert Calder, it proceeded to join the squadron lying in that harbour. On the 17th of August, the fleet, now augmented to twenty-nine sail-of-the-line, quitted Ferrol, and there appeared nothing to prevent it making its way to the English Channel. But Sir Robert Calder joined the Channel fleet with his squadron on the 14th, and Lord Nelson joined it on the 15th. It appears, therefore, that after all these widely extended movements, which had been going on for seven or eight months, Napoleon was as far as ever from finding the shores of England denuded of the protection of her fleet. The combination of the Toulon fleet and the ships from the Spanish ports, with the fleet ready for sea at Brest, might have been effected if Admiral Villeneuve had persevered in the course which he took on sailing out of Ferrol. But the fleet of Admiral Cornwallis, reinforced by Sir Robert Calder and Lord Nelson, would have been sufficient to give a good account even of sixty sail of French and Spanish ships. M. Villeneuve, however, was deceived by a report that a British fleet of twenty-five sail was near him, and conceiving it to be his duty to avoid a battle, if possible, he altered his course southwards, and entered Cadiz on the 20th of August, thereby putting an end, at least for the year 1805, to Napoleon's hopes of invading England. On the next day, Vice-Admiral Collingwood, with four ships, gallantly resumed the station which he had been holding before Cadiz, although thirty-five sail-of-the-line were now lying ready for sea in that harbour. Before the end of August the British fleet was augmented to twenty-six, or from that to thirty ships, and on the 28th of September, Lord Nelson arrived from England to take the chief command. Next month the combined fleet put to sea, and just out of sight of Cadiz it found its ever watchful enemy. The last and greatest day of the life of Nelson dawned. But we must reserve to another opportunity our description of the battle of Trafalgar.

MIND AND BODY.*

IN the whole range of science and of history there is no region which exercises so mysterious and so powerful a charm over the imagination as that debateable land which lies, as it were, between the regions of the mind and those of the body. The

* *Hallucinations. History and Explanation of Apparitions, Visions, Dreams, Ecstasy, Magnetism, and Somnambulism.* By A. Briere de Boismont. Translated from the French by R. T. Hulme. London: Renshaw. 1859.

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whole theory of ghosts, visions, dreams, presentiments, and the like, has hovered in a characteristically unsubstantial manner over the speculations of every generation, and appears to have a special fascination for our own. The belief of one class in witchcraft, and that of another in table-turning, spirit-rapping, and the quasi-supernatural attributes of mesmerism, are probably at least as strong now as analogous beliefs ever were when they resulted in sending people to the gallows or the stake. To some persons this is matter of surprise. They either are or affect to be startled at a credulity which, as they say, ought not to co-exist with the civilization and enlightenment of the age in which we live. Witches and ghosts, it has been boastfully asserted, cannot bear the light of railways, electric telegraphs, and popular education; and if they are still found to survive, it is only a proof that the schoolmaster has not done his duty. Such is the popular brag of this bragging age. It is one of the shallowest and most thoughtless that even these days have brought to light. In the first place, though it is undoubtedly true that the present is an age of great scientific discoveries, it is also true that it is one in which scientific training is exceedingly rare, and in which the popular temper tends to decay and discredit that patient pursuit of knowledge for its own sake which is invariably the companion of the scientific temper. The great mass of mankind are simply dazzled and bewildered by scientific discoveries, and are predisposed by contemplating them to an abject worship of material results which is one of the most degraded forms of credulity. "Great is Stephenson of the railways;" "Great is Wheatstone of the electric telegraph," are cries which may be quite as bigoted and quite as credulous as "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." What is impossible to steam and electricity? If a man can send a message through an infinite length of copper wire in an infinitesimally small portion of a second, why should he not raise the dead or heal the sick by a word? What is impossible to the great social Nebuchadnezzar who can look out of the windows of the South-Eastern railway and say, Behold this grand Crystal Palace which I have builded? Railways and steamers are things which shake the faith of mankind in their own conclusions and in their accustomed trains of logic more rudely than in any other particular whatever. This, we have no doubt, is the cause which lies at the bottom of an immense proportion of the fanaticism and superstition which riot on every side of us. Spiritualism for the heterodox and Revivalism for the orthodox are, to use an algebraical simile, two roots of one equation.

Apart, however, from the facility of belief which startling scientific discoveries cannot but engender, there is no doubt that some of the inquiries made by scientific men for scientific purposes do tend to excite superstition in some minds, and to excuse, or at any rate to account for it in others. There is, as has been already observed, a sort of border land between mind and body; and the facts relating to it are so remarkable, and to those who are unacquainted with the subject their first statement is so surprising, as apparently to justify a belief in any absurdity when their existence is made known in a popular manner through the ordinary channels which glut with scientific results the curiosity of those who have little power of scientific thought. M. de Boismont's work on *Hallucinations* (of which a translation has just been published by Mr. Hulme) contains a collection of facts upon these subjects which are eminently curious and well worthy of serious attention, though we fear that they may unavoidably encourage superstition on the part of inattentive or ignorant readers. This, however, is neither their general, nor, we think, their legitimate tendency; for several of them go a long way towards reducing under the head of well-recognised diseases many occurrences which are frequently invested with supernatural terrors. We cannot attempt to reproduce M. de Boismont's classification of the various forms of hallucination and illusion. Such classifications are like indexes—valuable and significant rather to the author than to the reader of the books in which they are contained. We will, however, attempt to enumerate their principal varieties.

In their normal state, the senses of all mankind act substantially in the same direction. Our organs of sight and hearing, of taste and smell, receive the same or very similar impressions under similar circumstances. When they coincide, we assume that these impressions are excited by external realities. When they do not coincide, we say that the minority, or the persons whose impressions are inconsistent with one another, are under the influence of hallucinations, illusions, or delusions (for though attempts have been made to affix technical meanings to these and other words of the same kind, they are in popular apprehension the same things). These delusions may be arranged under two heads. One set present to our senses imaginary objects—the other set distort existing ones. Each class contains many distinct varieties, ascending in a gradual series from the most commonplace to the most surprising phenomena.

To take first the case of those delusions which present to our senses imaginary objects. The commonest and most familiar of these are dreams. Every human being (with a very few curious exceptions) has probably experienced them, and we all know how much their vividness and impressiveness are affected by the state of our health and a thousand other circumstances. Next above ordinary dreams come that special order of dreams which are known as nightmares; and these, under certain circumstances, become so vivid that they are hardly dispelled, or even not dispelled at all, by waking. If a very little is added to their intensity, they come

close upon the border of delirium. A step above dreams, in the common sense of the word, come waking dreams, or spectral delusions, which may or may not be recognised as such. A person may be haunted by the figure of a man or an animal, and he may or may not be conscious of the fact that the impression on his senses is peculiar to himself, and is not excited by any corresponding reality. These delusions may affect any of the senses—hearing, smell, or taste, as well as sight—and they may occasionally become epidemic. This, indeed, seems to be a feature common to all sorts of delusions. M. de Boismont gives an account of an epidemic nightmare which on two separate occasions attacked a regiment of soldiers quartered in an abbey after a very fatiguing day's march. On two successive nights they were simultaneously aroused from their sleep by a black dog which, as they unanimously declared, ran through the abbey in which they bivouacked, leaping upon the chest of each man in succession. Epidemic waking delusions are by no means uncommon. The dancing madness of the middle ages, during which phantoms appeared to those affected, and the preaching madness of a more recent period in Sweden, are instances of this.

The delusions by which real objects are distorted are also of all degrees of intensity. Simple derangements of the senses are amongst the commonest of phenomena. Every one knows what it is to have a taste in the mouth which interferes with all ordinary tastes—to have a singing in the ears, produced by no external sound—or, after being subjected to a strong glare of light, to see common objects invested with strange colours. Sometimes, indeed, these irregularities are organic, as when a man can see no distinction between red and green. A step above these derangements of the senses lies abnormal sensibility in particular organs. The acuteness of the sense of touch in the blind is a familiar instance, and indeed the possession of a musical ear may perhaps be looked upon in the same light. Sometimes, however, this acuteness becomes altogether excessive. M. de Boismont mentions the case of a girl who lived near the Pyrenees and could hear the storms on the mountains before they reached the plain, and the sound of a horse's hoofs long before he came in sight. Certain diseases operate in an analogous manner upon the senses; and the pretensions of mesmerism and animal magnetism lie in the same direction, whether they are or are not founded on fact.

A step beyond the exaggeration of ordinary faculties lies the development of altogether extraordinary and unfamiliar ones; and here experience is so small, the facts are so hard to be observed, and the evidence upon which they rest is so unsatisfactory, that we are very much in the dark as to their true nature and bearing. The faculty of presentiment, sympathies and antipathies for particular people, the power of second sight, the power of intuitively perceiving what is passing in the minds of others, are the sort of abnormal faculties which are said to exist in a latent condition in men's minds, and to be occasionally exercised. The absolute denial of the existence of any such powers would, no doubt, be rash, inasmuch as we know hardly anything of the constitution of the soul; but the preceding observations go a long way to show that the evidence of their existence must always be unsatisfactory in the extreme. We can never tell how far such cases may not be simple instances of disturbance of the senses, complicated with a coincidence with some fact quite unconnected with it. We want a list of unfulfilled presentiments, unjust sympathies and antipathies, visions which did not come true, and intuitions which were false in fact, before we can judge of the real importance of such matters. This department of the subject has been so little illustrated that we subjoin instances of the kind which have occurred within our own observation. Two brothers at school were sitting together; the younger said that he would go fishing, and the elder remained in-doors reading. As he sat, it was suddenly borne upon his mind, in the strongest manner, that his brother had fallen into the river and was drowning. He resisted the impression for some time, but could not overcome it, and at last went out to ascertain the fact. His brother was perfectly safe. Again, a gentleman who certainly is not remarkable for very sensitive nerves, but who interests himself in observing such phenomena as we are referring to, is frequently subject to the strongest impression of some evil, present or future, impending over him. He informs us that he never once found that this feeling corresponded with anything whatever.

With regard to sympathies and antipathies, love at first sight is the commonest and most romantic illustration. People do not like to confess how often love at first sight becomes hatred on better acquaintance, but the parable of Penderennis and Miss Costigan is, we imagine, one of very wide application. Vehement casual impulses of every kind are sometimes regarded as the exertion of a sort of supernatural energy, but they are far more frequently dangerous in the extreme. The well-known phenomenon of a panic terror assailing large bodies of men shows that such feelings are irrational, and not the development of some latent power of the mind.

It is very important, in relation to all stories of wonders, to bear in mind the extreme difficulty of ascertaining the real facts in reference to them, and we are bound to say that as far as our experience of medical books goes this is their weak point. M. de Boismont's work is a most curious illustration of this. A great proportion of the stories which he cites are no doubt well authenticated, but very many of the most extraordinary may be

true, or may be false, but are entirely unproved. Thus, for example, the most wonderful of them all relates how Dr. Sigmond was told by Madame Colmache that she had heard from her husband (Talleyrand's secretary) that Talleyrand had told him the following story. In his early life he was in New York, and was about to embark on a mercantile voyage with a M. Beaumetz, who was his companion in exile. Whilst they were waiting for a wind, Beaumetz asked Talleyrand to come out for a walk, and led him down to the Battery, talking in a very excited manner. Suddenly, Talleyrand "was for an instant gifted with an extraordinary light, and during a quick and vivid flash the possible and the true was revealed to him." He saw by intuition that Beaumetz meant to throw him into the sea and drown him. He taxed him with it, and Beaumetz admitted that it was true, and that he had been for days under an insane impulse to do so. Here we have two steps between Talleyrand and Dr. Sigmond who tells the story, and even if it is correctly reported, it ultimately rests on the authority of one of the most systematic liars in Europe. Moreover, the whole point of the story consists in what lay exclusively within his own knowledge. Beaumetz, the story tells us, recovered, and the circumstance was never mentioned between him and his friend again. Perhaps if it had been, he would have said that there was not a word of truth in the whole account.

It will be observed that the slight and imperfect enumeration given above of the different sorts of delusions which pervert the operation of the senses is simply an enumeration of the effects, and that it says nothing of causes. The discussion of these is matter rather of medical than of general interest, but the statement of the effects produced upon the senses goes far to show that the testimony of the senses is nothing more than evidence from which the mind deduces the propositions respecting the external world with which we are familiar. It has been customary to speak of Berkeley's speculations as illustrations of theories confuted by experience and common sense. The fact is, that experience and common sense are precisely the grounds upon which they rest. What is opposed to them is a loose popular prejudice, founded, not on the experience of many examples, but on the idle contemplation of a few taken at random. The conclusions to which they point are some of the most important that can possibly be established; and until metaphysics are studied with that belief in their importance and that exquisite clearness of thought which distinguished Berkeley, there will always be great danger that our scientific discoveries will land us in a slavish credulity and a superstitious reverence for mere material results for which the possession of all the machines in the world would ill repay mankind.

TROLLOPE'S TUSCANY.*

MR. TROLLOPE knows enough of the history of Tuscany, and enough of its present position, wishes, and chances, to make any book he writes on the subject instructive and interesting. He would, however, be more impressive if he could divest himself of a tendency to small wit which is peculiarly English, and of a proneness to fierce vituperation which he has probably acquired, or increased, during his stay in Italy. However, he is in the main a trustworthy guide, and on some disputed points he gives information that goes far to settle the matter at issue. The general purpose of his volume is to show that ten years ago the Tuscans failed because they did not take into account the certainty of Austria undoing their work when she had the power. They viewed the struggle that was going on in Lombardy as a matter that concerned them very indirectly, whereas it was virtually settled at Novara that their Grand Duke should be brought back from Gaeta. This year they have comprehended that, if they wish to be free, they, or some one else for them, must keep Austria far away. This was the great lesson which, obvious as it seems, they required to have drilled into them by a long season of humiliation and suffering. Certainly, Austria did all she could to bring the lesson home to them. She treated Tuscany as a mere dependency of her crown, and administered affairs in critical moments without even letting her orders nominally proceed from the Grand-ducal puppet she had set up; and it is easy to see that the Tuscans have now a hatred of the Austrians, and a determination never to endure their presence patiently, which they did not feel ten years ago. It is also equally clear that all Italian revolutions were in vain as long as Austria was at hand to suppress them. So far all is clear. But we should have liked to find in Mr. Trollope's book some means of estimating the concurrent causes which have made the Tuscans of 1859 so different from the Tuscans of 1849—so much wiser, calmer, and more persistent in a given policy. We wish that Mr. Trollope had described to us who are the men that exercise the necessary control over the people, what are the elements of their strength, and what are the materials for a permanently good government that he supposes to exist in the country. After reading his book we come to no other general result than one at which we had arrived before opening it. That the Tuscans hate Austria is a very suggestive fact, but it is not new; and we are obliged to look to minor points for such novelty as Mr. Trollope's volume has to offer.

* *Tuscany in 1849 and in 1859.* By T. Adolphus Trollope. London: Chapman and Hall, 1859.

Mr. Trollope was in Florence in the days when the revolution was accomplished this year, and he gives a clear and lively description of what happened. In this case revolution was for once made with rosewater. It was the pleasantest, calmest, nicest little transaction that ever cost a sovereign prince his throne. On the 22nd of April, Good Friday, the Duke was prepared to issue an announcement that he intended to remain neutral in the contest between France and Austria, when Landrini, a man highly respected by all parties, sought an interview, and apprised him that the people were determined to side with Piedmont. The Grand Duke was resolute, and insisted on neutrality—the people were equally resolute, and insisted on war. On the Tuesday following, an address was posted up in the streets, urging an immediate declaration of war, and in the evening of that day there was a friendly meeting at some tea-gardens between a portion of the troops and a considerable number of the citizens. There, as they sipped their mild lemonade, they decided that troops and people would equally compel their sovereign to go to war, or else go to war without him. There was not the slightest noise or disturbance in the town, and the Government was perfectly passive. The Grand Duke's carriage drove down the street, and was received without the slightest expression of angry feeling. In the most good-humoured and kind way the Florentines put it to their sovereign whether he would fight against Austria or quit the country, and they gave him plenty of time to consider, and treated him with perfect courtesy while he was deliberating. On the Wednesday morning a large crowd met, and the position of affairs was tested by the whole mass moving in the direction of the principal fortress, to ascertain whether the troops were prepared to show open sympathy with them. For some little time after the crowd arrived in front of the fortress, it seemed as if the troops took no notice, favourable or unfavourable, of their arrival. At last a tri-color flag was slowly hoisted in the fortress, and the dynasty of Lorraine had, for the time at least, ceased to reign. Meanwhile, the Grand Duke had been left in peace and quiet on his side of the Arno. At one o'clock he made up his mind to go away, and at six he was gone. No affair of the sort could have been simpler. We may remark, by the way, that Mr. Trollope clears up very distinctly the amount of truth in the often repeated story, that the Grand Duke had given orders to bombard Florence. This was quite false in the form in which it was usually put. Indeed it may be said to have been altogether false. The fact is, that more than half a year before, when a war between France and Austria was undreamt of, the Tuscan Government issued instructions to the commanders of the two fortresses of Florence as to what was to be done in case of serious alarm. In these instructions it is of course contemplated that the troops will fire on the insurgents, but there is nothing like a direction to bombard the town; and even if there were, there is an immense difference between general directions given without reference to any particular crisis, and a special direction to use violence under existing circumstances.

If Mr. Trollope establishes this point on behalf of the Grand Duke, he is equally successful in disposing of the statement which the supporters of the Grand Ducal Government often put forward, that the Tuscan revolution was the work of Sardinian agents. The representatives of Piedmont at Florence seem to have been sincerely anxious that the Grand Duke should save his crown by taking part in the national movement, and entering into an open alliance with Victor Emmanuel. On the day when the declaration of war by Austria was known with certainty, the Sardinian Minister put himself formally in communication with the Duke's Minister for Foreign Affairs, Lenzi, and used every argument in his power to back the proposal for an offensive alliance between the two Italian States. There can also be no doubt that the leading members of the Provisional Government which was formed after the Duke's departure were sincerely anxious to save the dynasty. They made repeated efforts to convince the Duke that his only possible chance of retaining his throne lay in assenting to the national wishes, and even at the last moment they entreated him to abdicate in favour of his son rather than allow his dynasty to be utterly swept away. If the Grand Duke had acted as Piedmont wished and advised, there can be no doubt whatever that he would be now at Florence. Of course it was personally almost impossible that he should act as he was recommended. He had put himself under such obligations to Austria, had governed for so many years simply through her strength, and had given her such repeated assurances of his fidelity, that he could scarcely in honour play false to her in her hour of need. There was not much blame to him for this. From his cradle he had been trained up to consider himself as a tributary of the Empire. The first maxim impressed on him was that the Italians had no nationality, and had no business to have one. The opposite set of opinions are now temporarily, and we trust permanently, triumphant. But Leopold had not only been trained in the traditions of absolutism, but he had owed his safety and recovered dignity in 1849 to an absolutist intervention. To ask him, therefore, on a sudden to fight for Italian nationality against Austria was like asking a sincere Catholic, who has been long living on Catholic charity, to turn Protestant for soup. As a prince, Leopold would have acted wisely in yielding to the wishes of his subjects; but as a man, his honour was involved in not yielding to compulsion what during all his previous life he had denied on principle.

The policy pursued by the Grand Duke and his adherents, after the restoration of 1849, has interposed an effectual barrier against any voluntary restoration of him or his son now. He had delivered himself into the hands of the Austrians, and had no choice but to obey their bidding and work in the groove they made for him. He abolished the constitution to which he had sworn, and, however natural and pardonable this might seem to him, and however much even greater men than he may have kept him in countenance in this respect, the fact that he disregarded his oath has inspired the Tuscans with a legitimate distrust in the security of the oaths of princes. He also obeyed the injunction of the Austrians to abolish all memorials of the part his subjects had taken in the war of liberation in 1848. The Tuscans fought like men at Curtatone, and the country was proud of her gallant sons and erected a monument in the church of Santa Croce to the memory of those who had fallen. In 1851 the church was, as usual, crowded on the anniversary of the battle with the friends of the deceased patriots. According to Mr. Trollope, the neighbouring convent was filled with troops, and then secret agents of the police were sent into the church to interfere with the mourners, and to irritate them into an outbreak. By this means a disturbance was created, and the troops appeared, and fired shot after shot into the dense crowd. The work of murder was followed by the removal of the commemorative tablets, and Santa Croce was purged of this insult to the majesty of Austria. We do not wish to adopt, without further proof, the story of a deliberate plot to commit murder in a church. Experience shows that in all collisions of the kind each side has its own story. The troops always say that they and the peace of the city were in danger, and that they only fired in self-defence. The champions of the people always say that the police led the mob like lambs to the slaughter. But whatever is the truth of this part of the story, the fact remains, that the restoration of the Grand Duke led to the violent obliteration of the monuments of national bravery and national independence. Thus, on the two cardinal points of political liberty and Italian feeling, the Tuscans have good ground for saying that the dynasty of Lorraine is irreconcilably divided from them. "We have," they say, "already tried a restoration, and it ended in the abolition of the constitution, and the removal of the memorials of Curtatone." If any one dreams that these people are likely of their own free will to try another restoration, we recommend him to give a few hours to the study of Mr. Trollope's book.

YORK AND YORKSHIRE IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.*

THE Surtees Society has never put forth a more curious or interesting volume than its recent publication—under the able editorial care of its secretary, the Rev. James Raine—of the *Fabric Rolls of York Minster*. At first sight, indeed, the contents are most uninviting. Page after page is occupied by crabbed, and often almost unintelligible, Latin documents, and the explanatory foot-notes are few and far between. But the more these registers and balance-sheets are examined, the more full of instructive and curious matter will they be found. They throw a flood of light upon much more than the details of the actual construction of the famous Minster of the northern province. The philologist, the political economist, and the general historian, may all turn with profit to this invaluable series of ancient records. The first will find admirable specimens of the earliest vernacular, and an inexhaustible mine of that curious mixture of Latin, French, and English, which was talked and written by our mediæval forefathers. For a monk or clerk of the fourteenth or fifteenth century seems to have had no more scruple in interlarding his talk with English words declined or conjugated like Latin, than a school-girl of the present day has in eking out her French conversation by the same easy process. The additions to our technical vocabulary from these York rolls are most important. Ducange himself is quite inadequate for the thorough understanding of this peculiar form of Latin, and Mr. Raine's appended glossary, though full and carefully executed, is obliged to leave not a few words unexplained. So much for philology. The economist, for his part, will do well to consult these documents for the light they throw upon the prices of commodities, and the value and conditions of labour, under the Houses of Lancaster and York. And the student of history, who wishes to reconstruct the social life of the past, will find a thousand vivid touches and undesigned hints in the copious appendix of illustrative documents with which this volume concludes. We have said enough, we hope, to show that the interest of the *Fabric Rolls of York Minster* is not confined to the architectural or the antiquary. But Mr. Raine has unfortunately not extracted for his general readers the precious metal from the ore that he has exhumed. He has given us, for example, no such charming historical introduction as that which the lamented John Mitchell Kemble prefixed to the *Knights Hospitallers of England*, published two years ago by the Camden Society.

We do not mean to give a history of York Minster from these Fabric Rolls. The documents must indeed, some time or other, be the basis of some such work; and the present editor expresses a hope that he may be able to accomplish it. Our purpose is the more humble one of pointing out some matters

of interest which occurred to us in perusing the volume. One of the most striking things in these Fabric Rolls—which extend in almost an unbroken series from about 1360 to 1540, with a few post-Reformation examples down to 1639—is that they throw little or no light upon the question who designed the works in progress. It would appear that the successive master masons—who are all duly recorded, and some of whom were attracted by the chapter of York from other cathedrals—were themselves responsible for the drawings. They were assisted, doubtless, by the clergy of the church, and, in particular, by the treasurer or custodian of the fabric; but a separate official, such as the surveyor or architect of modern times, is never mentioned. The period embraced by the present rolls includes the rebuilding of the presbytery, choir, and nave of the existing minster. The detail with which every successive step is recorded is most surprising. We have the names and wages of all the artisans and labourers, and the quantities and costs of all the materials. Now that the Great Bell of Westminster is broken again, it is curious to know that, in 1370, the total expense for five new bells and a new clock at York, was 66*l.* 10*s.* 1*d.*—including the turfs for the fire, the "sekole" and the charcoal; the "cariacio luti pro le mold" (i. e., the carriage of clay for the mould); the men's drink, amounting to 3*s.* 10*d.*; and, in short, every expense, down to grease and resin. The "document" which the master-builders of our day wish to impose upon their journeymen has its counterpart in the strict rules to which the Chapter of York subjected all the workmen employed by the cathedral. Each man swore once a year to obey these rules; and the cementarii and carpentarii had a claim to abundant drink and to some customary fees when they took these oaths "in le pleghdai"—on the pledge-day. This seems to have been the form of the pledge:—"Lordes, if it be your wyles, we grant for to stand at our werkes truly at our power." The rules, given both in Latin and English, in the Appendix, are most curious. Working hours, from Michaelmas to "ye firste Sonday of Lentyn" were from sunrise to sunset, and in the other half of the year from sunrise "untill itt be namare space yan tyme of a mileway byfore ye sone sette." This was about 1370. But time for a siesta was allowed for three months at Midsummer. Dinner was *ad horam nonam*. Drink time was accurately prescribed and limited. "Sic operabuntur usque ad primam pulsacionem vespertarum, et tunc potabunt infra logium usque ad terciam pulsacionem propulsatam et redibunt ad opera sua," &c. But in spite of these rules and pledges, "strikes" were not wholly unknown. Thus the Chapter writes to the Dean, about 1415, with ludicrous vehemence of language:—"Insuper scire velit vestra reverencia quod certi lathomi seu cementarii nephandissimo invidie spiritu concitati in mortem et ultimam destruccione magistri Willelmi Colchester," (the master-mason) . . . "nequiter conspirantes, dictum Willelmum per insidias aggressi enormiter vulneraverunt; alium etiam eidem assistentem trucidarunt, adeo quod de ejus vita verisimiliter desperatur." This precedent, at least, must be carefully concealed from the authorities of the Pavours' Arms. We can find no proofs of anything like freemasonry in these documents. The artisans seem upon the whole to be as like their modern representatives as one pea is like another. It is evident that skilled workmen were often allured by high wages from other places, and so would carry local architectural peculiarities with them. Thus, in 1450, the custos fabricæ and one William Nuttyng ride to Lincoln and back to fetch John Porter, a cementarius. Their journey both ways cost them two shillings. But twenty years later the master mason, Robert Spillesby, cost 37*s.* 4*d.* for a journey of 28 days, probably to London—"equitans cum serviente pro les merblers,"—i. e., marble-workers. Sometimes, when Royal works were in progress, a kind of press-gang swept a district of its skilled workmen. Thus, in 1479, the Chapter had to make interest for the freedom of their own masons, who had been "per officarios domini Regis requisitorum et captorum ad opus regium apud Nottingham."

In 1457, we find an entry to the effect that an alms-box was set up in the porch for the Knights of Rhodes, as the Order was then in a languishing condition. In the same year, the chapter receive eighteen shillings as a fine from one William Snawsell, for allowing him to build a new shop, "una nova shoppa," at the door of the cathedral church. So that the parasitical fringe of small tenements which still deforms so many foreign cathedrals was not only permitted from the time of their original building, but was made a source of revenue. Not the least curious thing to be observed in these documents is the difficulty there was to prevent Henry VI. being popularly canonized by the Yorkshire Lancastrians. And Archbishop Scrope's illegal execution, in 1405, so excited the sympathy of the North, that crowds flocked to his grave in the Minster, and honoured him as a saint, in spite of Royal and archiepiscopal fulminations. Richard III., in his turn, attained an astonishing popularity in the north of England; and, before his fall on Bosworth Field, had already founded six chaplaincies out of a hundred which he meant to endow in the great northern Minster. As the rebuilding of the cathedral draws to an end the minor expenses of the chapter increase in interest. Thus we have the cost of nets for catching doves in the tower, the pricking of the music-books, and their binding, and a hundred other curious details. It is singular enough to observe, that the decay of the noble church began even before its completion. The gradual invasion of the vernacular upon the Latin of the rolls is another thing most observable. And

* The *Fabric Rolls of York Minster*. With an Appendix of Illustrative Documents. The Publication of the Surtees Society for the year 1859. Vol. xxxv. Durham: Andrews. London: Whittaker. 1859.

it is hard to believe that the changes wrought by the Reformation were so gradual. It is evident that no great alterations were made in the Minster during Edward VI.'s reign; in 1550, the albs were repaired; and in 1551, "Sir Edward Warde" was still "singinge" at "the Lady masse altar."

But, however great the value of the Fabric Rolls themselves may be, they yield in general interest to the wonderful series of documents of various kinds contained in the appendix. Here we have inventories of the property of different churches at different epochs, Papal and episcopal briefs for collecting money, indulgences and privileges, letters and injunctions, wills and indentures. Mr. Raine reminds us that Chaucer must have had a Yorkshire brevier in his mind when he described, in his *Somynoure's Tale*, the alms-gatherer in Holderness:—

In which there went a limitour aboute
To preche, and eke to beg, it is no doute.

We have not space to give any account of the occasional quarrels of the chapter, or of their disputes with their neighbours, to which some of these documents relate; nor can we give a notion of the general picture of hospitality, and liberality, and courtesy which might be framed from the records before us. The munificence of some of the great churchmen and the princely generosity of some of the benefactors of the fabric, such as the Percys and Vavasours—who are sculptured in stone at the west door of the minster—would well deserve a longer notice. Upon the whole, the general impression on our minds is very favourable to the state of society among the higher classes which is revealed by these papers; and it is pleasing to see that, beyond an occasional present of "grenegynger" to ladies or bishops, the Dean and Chapter of York expended their income in the most legitimate and unobjectionable manner.

To our minds the most instructive as well as amusing part of the whole volume is the selection, in Appendix LIII., of a number of answers to diocesan visitation questions from the year 1362 to the year 1550. From these we may gather much information as to the state, not only of the churches, but of the morals and manners of their parsons and people, in the northern counties in the fifteenth century. Mr. Raine has not acted wisely in suppressing, as he tells us he has done, almost all the cases of immorality, especially among the clergy, reported in these returns. His readers are thus led to suspect that the morals of those times were worse than perhaps they really were. There is every reason why we should have the data given us for forming an exact judgment of the morals of mediæval England. But we may be thankful for what we have got. We can safely refer our readers to this appendix for many a hearty laugh. Here, for instance, we have a picture of the fashionable minor canon of 1362:—"Licet quilibet vicarius, cum incedere debeat per civitatem, incedere debet in habitu honesto, ad modum presbiterorum, saltu clauso, nec cum sotularibus rostratis, vel aliter deformatis, quidam tamen vicarii incedunt in tunicis curtis, duplicatis et consutis, ad modum armigerorum, cum cultellis et bastardis inter tibias pendentibus, per civitatem, in scandalum ordinis atque status." And, thirteen years later, it is a matter of complaint that "Vicarii in diebus solemnibus nolunt organum cantare in pulpito nisi canonici dictæ ecclesiæ eis conferant vinum, quod vendicant ex consuetudine." And, again, in 1390:—"Omnes ministri ecclesiæ, pro majori parte, utuntur in ecclesiæ et in processione patens et clogges contra honestatem ecclesiæ." And, in 1400, the dirty choir boys "addiscentes psalteria chori et alios libros ecclesiæ conculcant et denigrant." In 1409, we have complaints of noise and tumult in church-time, and of "muliereculæ" coming "in crepusculo noctis" into the college. The state of the village churches, as to their repair and their furniture, was often deplorable enough. And there are still worse things recorded. "Juxta vestibulum ejusdem ecclesiæ, videlicet in domo Johannis Porter, est una latrina summo altari ejusdem ecclesiæ contigua, nociva valde, in tantum quod tempore estivali vix potest aliquis in choro exprecari propter fetoris abominacionem ejusdem latrine." Elsewhere, too, we find a return about "unum magnum et abominabile sterquilinum, ubi intestina et fetores animalium sparguntur, ad quod corvi avesque immundi neonon magni canes confluent." Worse still, at Warthyll, "dicunt quod vicarius secum tenet in familia Elenam Haworth, et quod ipsa equitat publice secum ad dorsum versus Ebor. et in aliis locis." And, at Masham, "Dominus Johannes Wath . . . multocius frequentat publicas tabernas et, ad minus, per tres vel duos dies septimanatim est ebrius et provocat parochianos ad pugnandum secum." While at Bramham, "Dominus Joh. Derlyng, cap. est publicus caretarius" (carter) "et laborarius conductus per diversos parochianos eam ad opera ruralia, contra honestatem presbiteratus."

We have quoted enough to show the raciness and value of these most curious returns. We strongly advise the Surtees Society to publish them in their entirety. For these selections, we confess, have only whetted our appetite.

WARING'S ARTS OF CENTRAL ITALY.*

THE mistress art of architecture has never been without its enthusiastic votaries and its able professors in this country. And in the late revival of the Pointed style, our English architects

* *The Arts connected with Architecture in Central Italy.* Illustrated by Examples of Stained Glass, Fresco Ornament, Marble and Enamel Inlay, and Wood Inlay, from the Thirteenth to the Fifteenth Century. By J. B. Waring. London: Lithographed and Published by Vincent Brooks. 1859.

have ever held their places in the van. At the present moment, we may boast of more than one artist who has come out victor from a competition with all Europe; and it would not be too much to say that our rising school of Gothic architects is the foremost in the world. But it is otherwise with the subsidiary arts which depend upon architecture. We can raise a fabric which for excellence of construction and perfection of form may be unsurpassed, but we cannot decorate it. We can create a shell, but cannot enhance its beauty by the loveliness of colour and fitting ornamentation. Witness the remarkable church in Margaret-street of which we lately gave a detailed description. There was no question as to the constructional excellence of that building; but its decoration, as a whole, satisfied no one. When it came to the stained glass, or the sculpture, or the polychromatic ornamentation of walls and roof, or the marble inlaying, it was but too evident that the artists employed were almost all of them at fault. There were conflicting theories on the subject, and these resulted in startling contrast and incongruity. There was evidently a want, on nearly all sides, of a trained eye for colour; and an indisputable success in the actual fabric was seriously imperilled by the inadequate knowledge and defective taste which characterize the prevailing style of decoration. Nor is this much to be wondered at. There are many reasons, not necessary to be recapitulated here, why architecture pure and simple is at its present high standard in England. But the revival of the decorative arts limps a long way behind. In the first place, the unnatural divorce of the fine arts from the service of religion discouraged the practice in this country of nearly all branches of ornamental design. And while our artists were not compelled by the common law of demand and supply to study the subsidiary departments of an architect's profession, there were, and still are, almost insuperable difficulties in the way of their doing so voluntarily. Mediæval fabrics remain to us in rich abundance. But where is the student to look for actual examples of interior decoration? Three centuries of neglect and indifference, not to speak of iconoclastic excesses, have left us little more than bare walls. Emptied niches, mutilated statuary, defaced paintings, whitewashed walls, and not merely the negation, but the deliberate expurgation, of all ornament—these were, till quite lately, the rule of our religious buildings. And it ought not to be a matter of surprise that in the attempt to re-introduce an appropriate system of decoration, not only the public taste, but the professional instinct, has been occasionally at fault. We hope for a speedy improvement in this matter, and we think we see signs of it. Our rising architects are forward in expressing their conviction that their exclusive attention to the building art has been a mistake. We hear of some of them actually handling the chisel and attending the life-schools; and, in friendly rivalry, a distinguished painter is said to contemplate designing his own house. The more it is understood that art is one, and that no branch can pretend to be altogether independent of others, the more hope there is of healthy progress and development in them all.

But, as bricks cannot be made without straw, it must be granted that it is very difficult for our artists, in the almost entire absence of examples, to extend their knowledge of the minor arts attendant upon architecture. English cathedrals and churches have been so denuded and whitewashed that it is of little use to resort to them for the study of the decorative processes. One could count upon one's fingers the few ancient examples left among us of sculptural or polychromatic ornamentation. And, indeed, though from not quite the same causes, the whole of Northern Europe is a somewhat barren field of study in these branches of art. We must cross the Alps before we can find enough remains of internal decoration to enable us to discover the general principles upon which the old artists worked. And it is the prerogative of Italy not only to have carried the decorative arts to the highest perfection in her mediæval period, but to have preserved them through all the vicissitudes of her eventful history for the instruction and guidance of the revival of our own age. It is the perception of this fact that has induced Mr. Waring to introduce to his countrymen the beautiful selection of Italian examples of stained glass, fresco painting, and the various methods of inlaying, which we find in his splendid volume entitled *The Arts connected with the Architecture of Central Italy*.

Few persons are more qualified than Mr. Waring to undertake a task of this nature. That gentleman is already known by various works connected with the arts of Spain and Italy, and his services in connexion with the Manchester Exhibition of Art Treasures are not forgotten. He is one whose wide acquaintance with the finest churches of Southern Europe was sure to point out the deficiencies of our home attempts at internal decoration, and he has done his best in the volume under review to supply the materials for guiding our artists to a better practical method.

The especial merit of Mr. Waring's book lies in his magnificent illustrations, forty-one in number, all carefully drawn by himself, and printed most accurately and gorgeously in brilliant colours by Mr. Vincent Brooks. Of the accompanying letter-press we cannot speak very highly. The style is loose and inexact, and the matter badly chosen and arranged. It would have been far better to have been satisfied with mere detailed descriptions of the subjects chosen for illustration. The first eight plates are devoted to stained glass, and, for the first time, the untravelled Englishman may here behold trustworthy representations of some of the finest coloured windows at Florence, Lucca, and Arezzo. This branch of art, indeed, is one which

forms the only exception to our previous observations as to the low ebb of the decorative processes among ourselves. Stained glass has been already very extensively revived among us, and, in some cases, with considerable success. No one will venture to say, however, that the art is in a satisfactory condition. Critics are scarcely agreed as yet as to the style of drawing allowable in painted windows, and the laws of the contrast, and harmony, and relief of colours are little understood. Nor, indeed, will Mr. Waring's examples form an entirely safe guide for English imitation. Our climate, with its want of sunshine and light, demands a very different treatment for its fenestration from that which suits the cavernous Florentine interiors of Arnolfo and Brunelleschi. With us the object of stained glass is, not to exclude or to subdue light, but merely to tint it and render its hues subservient to the general colouring of the interior. In Italy the small windows of a church, few and far off, may be safely filled with the deepest hues or the darkest mosaics. The lesson to be learnt, then, by our own glass painters from their Italian predecessors is rather indirect than direct. The beautiful effigies by Fra Gherardini and Fra Ubaldi in the Bardi Chapel at S. Croce would lose half their effect if reproduced exactly by Messrs. Clayton and Bell or Messrs. Hardman. They would look heavy and gloomy and opaque. But why should not we copy the magnificent design, the breadth and manliness of style, and the exquisitely harmonious coloration of these Italian masterpieces? There is no affected antiquation, no stupid grotesqueness of drawing, no crude contrast of tints, no nauseous repetition of borders or background, in these fine examples. These plates have more than ever convinced us that bad drawing is altogether inadmissible in stained glass. We may safely demand perfect design, just enough conventionalized to adapt it to the material, and perfect harmony of colour. We commend to those who are concerned in the proposed adornment of our metropolitan cathedral Mr. Waring's plates of two windows from the great classical church of Santo Spirito. *Mutatis mutandis*, this is the kind of design which we should be satisfied to see in the windows of St. Paul's; and, generally, we heartily hope that our English glass-stainers will take a hint from these Italian examples as to the infinite fancy and variety that may be displayed in diapers and borders and armorial ornaments. Mr. Waring, by the way, makes an extraordinary blunder in explaining the common monogram OPE or OPA, so common in Italy, as though it meant ORA, "Pray." Surely it means Opera, and implies that the thing on which it occurs was provided, not by private munificence, but by the corporation of the legal custodians, or in Italian phrase, the *Opera* of the building.

Next we have eight plates devoted to fresco painting. The example from the Romanesque Church of San Piero in Grado, near Pisa, exemplifying the school of Giunta Pisano (circa 1230) is most curious and instructive. Every inch of wall is utilized, and every moulding coloured. It is most interesting to remark even in this rude and early example the great superiority of design to anything seen in our own churches, when, as is so often the case, the removal of whitewash brings to light traces of former distemper painting. The study of the exquisite polychromatic borders from the vaulting at Assisi, by Giotto himself, and by Taddeo Bartolo at Siena, will be enough to convince every one that in the church in Margaret-street, already referred to, Mr. Dyce has followed the right principle in his decoration of the chancel roof. The delicacy and fancy of the patterns, and the exquisite repose of the colouring, are in extraordinary contrast to the crude barbarism of the surface inlayings with which the nave walls of our London church have been disfigured by its able architect, who seems to have done his best to ruin his own fine creation. The same lesson is taught by the still grander examples given by Mr. Waring from the Capella de' Spagnuoli in S. Maria Novella, at Florence, by Simone Memmi, and the sacristy of S. Miniato by Spinello Aretino. It is understood that the authorities of Lichfield Cathedral, having nearly finished the restoration of their choir, are greatly puzzled as to the proper style of colouring for its vaulting. Before they decide, let us recommend to their notice the magnificent specimens now provided by Mr. Waring from the Bardi Chapel at Florence, where Giotto's work has just been recovered from the whitewash of centuries, and from the later, and still more gorgeous, vaultings of the town hall and baptistery at Siena.

The remaining plates, representing inlaying in various materials, are also calculated to be most useful. These are arts as yet almost unknown among us. Marquetry, or wood inlay, has indeed never, within our knowledge, been attempted; and our national triumph in the matter of encaustic tiles has discouraged all endeavours to revive marble tessellation. It is impossible to speak too highly of the beauty and good taste of the wonderful pavements recovered in these plates from the Italian churches. Some of our readers may remember the monumental slab of a countryman of ours, Bishop Catrik of Exeter, who lies in Santa Croce. His tomb furnishes a specimen of very rich marble inlaying. We earnestly hope that this beautiful art may be introduced among us, in conjunction with—for it need not supersede—our own specialty of coloured tiles. Finally, Mr. Waring presents us with some examples of enamel inlaying in marble and in metal, two plates of armorial sculpture, and two plates of sculptural decoration from the beautiful fountain at Siena, by Jacopo della Quercia, thence surnamed Della Fonte. We have only to express our regret that more examples have not been given of

this kind of decorative sculpture, as it is one which might be introduced among ourselves more easily than some of the other forms of art which we have been considering.

In conclusion we may remark, that we see nothing to criticize in the execution of this superb book except the fact that Mr. Waring has omitted the lead lines of the glazing in some of his illustrations of stained glass. Without these it is impossible to form an exact estimate of the design. He assures his readers, however, that the Italian glass-painters were quite reckless as to the cutting up of their faces or draperies by the bold lines of their leadwork. And we are sure that our own workmen are far too scrupulous and timid in this matter of detail. The expense of Mr. Waring's sumptuous work must unfortunately limit its circulation. But we hope that it will be obtained by all art-libraries. And we observe with pleasure that the original drawings have been purchased by the Department of Science and Art, and are of course freely accessible in the South Kensington Museum.

A LITTLE TOUR IN IRELAND.*

THE unsuspecting serenity of mind which so pleasantly characterizes this author throughout the greater portion of his work deserts him as he draws towards its close. He grows anxious as to the reception which may be awaiting him, conjures up a host of dreary possibilities, and in his mind's eye sees his "Little Tour" exposed to the ravages of ill-natured critics and the contumely of an indignant public. Should the worst happen, he resolves to comfort himself with reflecting that at any rate he thoroughly enjoyed the journey, which he now relates and that the pictures in his book are extremely pretty. His right to each ground of consolation is indisputable. On the one hand, he has been fortunate enough to get Mr. Leech to crowd his pages with the picturesque faces, smart dresses, and sweet little children that he knows how to draw so capitally. On the other, every one would admit that a gentleman with such good spirits, such determination to please and be pleased, such a gentle flow of facetiousness, and so many appropriate moral sentiments, must carry an atmosphere of happiness with him wherever he goes, and might safely venture on far duller proceedings than a holiday trip through the prettiest parts of Ireland. The Oxonian's apprehensions were, however, very unnecessary. No one, we should think, could be angry with him or his performance. He is certainly rather unscrupulous as to making bad jokes and telling mild stories, and the disquisitions on politics and religion which here and there relieve the monotonous hilarity of the rest of his book are not strikingly profound or original. But, on the other hand, he is as respectable and well-conditioned as heart could desire, and though quite prepared to live his life, and get all possible fun out of it, might safely defy a committee of maiden aunts to find a single line of his story about which prudery itself could feel the slightest hesitation.

This is all the more to the Oxonian's credit, as he is very confidential. He lets us know about all his likes and dislikes, favourite authors, and accustomed pursuits. And then he is fast—decidedly fast. The slow men at his college made a dead set at him, but in vain. They groaned over his falling away, they cautioned him against beer, they lent him serious books; but the wild Oxonian had no inclination for premature gravity, wrote home for his pink coat, and took to going out regularly with the Heythrop hounds. Further, he is very fond of marmalade, prawns, and Irish whisky, and displays a familiarity with Mr. Tennyson's Poems and the *Prometheus Vincit* that is creditable at once to the place of his education and to his own poetical inclinations. But the Oxonian's principal characteristic, and that on which he prides himself the most, is the softness of his heart. Every young lady he meets rouses in his breast a little tempest of admiration. Even the daughters of Presidents and Deans have received the tribute of his silent love, and the fair visitors who now and then enliven the sober quadrangles devoted to celibacy and learning throw him into a fever of affection that we fear must prove extremely incompatible with the due pursuit of his academic studies. Sometimes the sufferer speaks, and—such is the doom of too susceptible a temperament—speaks in vain. It is to one of these sad reverses that the "Little Tour" owes its existence. Forbidden to hope, the Oxonian resolved upon the excitements of travel, provided himself with a good companion, and after suffering a momentary passion at Crewe, on account of a bright being who flashed by him in a Derby train, found himself next day, without further adventure, in the streets of Dublin, surprised at the new sensation of travelling edgeways, and learning from an Irish driver the unquestionable superiority of the car to every other description of vehicle. The enthusiasm of this valiant champion of national institutions was naturally roused by the degrading proximity of an English cab, which was travelling the same way as himself. Mr. Leech has depicted him pointing his whip scornfully at the "baste of a tub," and offering, in an excusable spirit of oratorical exaggeration, "to leap over the likes of that with this little mare." The travellers forthwith betook themselves to lionizing with laudable alacrity. They saw the Phoenix Park, with the smart Irish Constabulary at drill—indulged of course in the touching reflection of "what men this Dublin has given to the world"—ex-

* *A Little Tour in Ireland.* By an Oxonian. London: Bradbury and Evans. 1859.

plored the hill of Killaney, "where, seated among purple and golden flowers, you look over rocks and trees upon the noble bay of Dublin," with its waters "bickering in the noon-tide blaze," and the stately ships gliding to and fro—and wound up their sight-seeing with the siege of Delhi, at the Portobello Gardens, where six vigorous performers had the honour of personating the British Army, and, aided by the inspiring strains of a key-bugle, achieved all the accustomed prodigies of valour under a terrific fire of steel-filings and Roman candles. Passing through a rather dreary country, which reminded him sometimes of the bleaker parts of Derbyshire, and struck him as distressingly uninhabited, the Oxonian made his way to Galway, explored the traces of Spanish architecture in its quaint gateways and quadrangular courts, and paid a visit to "the Claddagh," where the women in their bright red petticoats, with "cloaks worn like the Spanish mantilla, and of divers colours, their handkerchiefs and hoods, were grouped among the old grey ruins where the fish-market is held, and formed a *tableau* not to be forgotten." . . . As they approached Connamara, the scenery became wilder and more characteristic, and the roadside spectacles more unmistakably Irish. There were stately lodges, of a magnificence quite disproportionate to the mansions to which they formed an appanage—massive iron gateways, the missing ornaments of which were replaced by pumpkins or turnips—turf-dykes, with many a gap—here and there a peasant, with flaccid hat and ample shirt-collar, frieze coat, and breeches "easy about the knees," always, apparently, going to his work, or looking at his work, or resting from his work, or coming away from his work, and cordially assisted by friends and neighbours in the laborious occupation of doing nothing—cottages, where pigs reign monarchs of all they survey—and tribes of children, with ragged locks and scanty raiment, who followed the traveller's car with good-natured importunities, and showed, by the modest request of "penny, buy book!"—a hopeful comprehension of the educational tendencies of their age.

The tourist who hopes to enjoy himself in the inns of Connamara must make up his mind to dispense with some of his home luxuries. He will find the cuisine rather primitive, the necessity of bells superseded by the practice of shouting at the stair-head, and the prevalent ideas as to "tubs" anything but enlightened. On the present occasion, the Oxonian's companion, in some daring feat of ablution, broke his tiny bath all to pieces, and found to his consternation that he had destroyed the only substitute for a mirror on which the female members of the household could depend for the embellishment of their persons. Both travellers were, however, much too keen to be daunted by such trifles as these. At Oughterade, especially, which is looked upon as the entrance to Connamara, the beauties of the scene might well be felt to compensate for the inconveniences of a rough lodging. "Mile after mile we watched the sunlight and shadows, sweeping over hill, and lake, and plain, so swiftly that every minute the whole view seemed to change; and saw the snow-white goats among the purple heath; and the kine, jet black and glowing-red, knee-deep in the silver waters." A strange contrast to this was the solemn scenery of the Killeries, with its still, cold lakes and bleak mountains; and here and there a cormorant sweeping along in its solitary flight, and adding to the general gloominess of the spot. Soon the travellers came upon groups of peasants making their way to a fair at Leenane. Most of the horses were carrying a double burthen. Saddles seemed to be regarded as a superfluous luxury, and bridles consisted, in most instances, of rope or twisted hay; the amazons of Connamara, however, with bare feet, bright dresses, and downcast eyes, looked highly picturesque and attractive; and the Oxonian, who was obliged to hurry on, was barely consoled for his abrupt departure by meeting two cart loads of constables, who had been sent to the scene of action with a view to the maintenance of order amid the excitements of the approaching entertainment.

Accustomed to the wild grandeur of the Connamara district, the travellers were at first rather disappointed at the tranquil beauty of the Lakes of Killarney. Their feelings of discontent, however, were speedily dispelled, and the Oxonian paid a hearty tribute of admiration to the white and golden lilies which line the shore, the heights that tower overhead, the rich tints of the woods which clothe the mountain's side, and the constant changes brought by breeze and cloud, that forbid the eye ever to weary of this charming scene. At Innisfillen the boatmen told them the legend of the O'Donoghue, who is supposed to hold his watery court at the bottom of the lake, sometimes emerging and becoming visible to mortal eyes, mounted on a snow white steed. "There's plenty as has seen him," their informant told them, "and will take their swear of it, glowry to God!" Anxious to secure the lake side of the car, the Oxonian took up his position betimes, and while the horses were being harnessed, found himself surrounded by a host of dealers in arbutus ware who pleaded so successfully that the two travellers started at last "bristling with paper-knives." At Kenmare they discovered most admirable cold salmon, but nothing else symptomatic of a very vigorous civilization. There was an Industrial School, where industry, to judge from the attire of the inmates, was at any rate not employed about the ornamentation of the person—a dispensary, where a dilapidated hen was the sole representative of the class of patients—and a narrow tumble-down hut with closely shuttered windows, which pre-

tentiously announced itself as "Michael Brennan's Tea and Coffee Rooms, with Lodging and Stabling." On their way from Glengarriff, the travellers passed the estuaries of Bantry Bay. The tide was out; here and there stood a heron in majestic solitude, while curlews were running nimbly among the dank seaweed. A mile or two from their main route a tribe of ragged urchins escorted them to Gougane-barra, the haunt of the illustrious St. Feon Bar, who recorded his fastings and prayers by a monastery in this place, and where devout pilgrims still resort, and an old gentleman with white beard, pilgrim's staff, and twinkling eye horribly suggestive of imposture, performed "the Allua of songs" in a style which struck terror into the unaccustomed ears of the strangers. Their onward course lay through a pleasant country, past woods and corn-fields and scattered hamlets—past silver lakes where the trout were leaping, "bekase," as the driver told them, "the wather's so full of fish that whenever they want to turn round they must jest jump out and do it in the air"—past dissipated-looking stacks that were saved from falling only by being propped against one another, and looked like two drunken men seeing each other home—past pigs, *pingues nitidique*, that lay sleeping serenely by the roadside—past peasant girls who stood ankle-deep washing linen in the running stream, and belabouring it with a formidable implement, which looked like a clumsy cricket-bat. At last the houses grew neater, and the roads straighter, and the passers-by less picturesque, and presently the travellers found themselves in Cork, full of regrets for Connamara and Kerry, and listening, not altogether with a good will, to a garrulous old lady, who held forth to them in uninspired accents on the excellences of Protestantism and her own zealous efforts on its behalf.

Here we must leave the Oxonian and his companion Frank, to make their way back to England. In whatever else they failed, the two travellers seem at any rate to have succeeded in agreeing admirably, and in thoroughly enjoying one another's society. Frank proved something of a sportsman, and succeeded in killing a salmon in Kylemore Lake. In the mountainous districts he displayed a restlessness on the subject of eagles—an infirmity of which his companion did not fail to take advantage. Frank was aroused one morning by an announcement, supposed to be made by the "boots," at his bed-room door, that Miles the guide had brought him an eagle, "an illigant hagle, with a power of bake." Frank orders it to be bought, and falls asleep to dream happily of his new possession. In half an hour he is roused a second time by the "boots," who comes as ambassador from the purchaser of a second "illigant hagle," who sends "his love to your honour, and his hagle's waiting to fight your honour's hagle for a new hat."

LIEBIG ON CHEMISTRY AND LIFE.*

IT requires a master to expound Science properly to the general public. Only thorough mastery of the subject will enable a man to remove it from technical forms, and to re-shape it so as to be intelligible to the general reader. What is called "popular science" is, for the most part, merely compilation by persons imperfectly (sometimes not at all) acquainted with the subject; and the only novelty introduced consists in the substitution of ordinary language for technical language. To make science really popular, it must be very different from this. No clever arrangement of the materials found in text-books will suffice—the reader had better go to the text-books for himself. No mere alteration of the language will suffice—the author must recast the materials altogether. He must reproduce his knowledge in popular forms. This is what Dr. Arnott has done in his matchless *Elements of Physics*; this is what Moleschott, Mulder, and Schleiden have done in Germany, and Milne-Edwards in France; this, also, is what Liebig, the greatest of living chemists, has done in the *Familiar Letters*, of which a new edition now lies before us.

We presume that the majority of our readers—at least such as take any interest in subjects of this class—know Liebig's *Chemical Letters*, and have been delighted with the brilliant generalizations and *aperçus* there expounded, no less than with the multifarious striking facts contained in almost every letter. They will wish, therefore, to know what amount of novelty this new edition contains; and our first care must be to indicate this. Briefly, then, if they possess the third edition, they need not trouble themselves with this fourth and last. It contains but little addition, and far too little *correction*. The most important additions are a letter on the Study of the Natural Sciences, one on the Correlation of Forces, one on Materialism, and one on the Alteration of Properties in Bodies. These have been carefully translated by Dr. Blyth; but although interesting, and rendering the volume more complete, they do not constitute a very considerable addition to the previous work. The letter on the Correlation of Forces is only a popular re-statement of what may be more advantageously studied in Mr. Grove's philosophical little work. The letter on Materialism is somewhat feeble, and lays its author open to attack. That on the Study

* *Familiar Letters on Chemistry, in its Relations to Physiology, Dietetics, Agriculture, Commerce, and Political Economy.* By Justus von Liebig. Fourth edition, revised and enlarged. Edited by John Blyth, M.D. London: Walton and Maberly. 1859.

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of Natural Science is, however, full of excellent and suggestive matter, and we may devote a paragraph to it.

Liebig sketches the two different Methods which have been employed in the pursuit of truth by the ancient philosophers and the disciples of Bacon and Galileo. By ascribing hidden qualities to the numberless effects observed on all sides, the ancient, or metaphysical school set a barrier against the full investigation of causes, since everything was assumed to be known about the qualities to which certain terms were applied. A word played the part of an explanation; and the place of truth was assumed by a blind belief—by an unthinking repetition of unproved opinions. "When a philosopher of our day wishes to explain a phenomenon, such as the burning of a candle, the growth of a plant, the freezing of water, the bleaching of a colour, the rusting of iron, he puts the question *not to himself*—not to his own mind—but to the phenomenon—to the fact itself. He asks what circumstance *precedes*, what *follows* this phenomenon? The former he calls the cause or condition of the phenomenon, the latter is designated the effect." And it should be observed that he is not content with asking these questions, and answering them in the most plausible manner. He questions the very answer, tests its accuracy, proves that it is not a mere guess, but an actual expression of the facts. In explaining how a candle burns, for example, he is not content with saying that the atmosphere is a necessary condition, or cause of the burning—he finds out what constituent of the atmosphere is the operative condition. "When the smith makes a bar of iron red-hot in his forge, it becomes covered with a black porous crust, accompanied by the emission of sparks, and this crust, under the stroke of the hammer, separates in scales: the iron burns. Under similar conditions the oil burns in our lamps with the emission of flame." Now, if the cause of this burning of both iron and oil be sought, it can be found only by seeking what are the invariable and necessary circumstances which precede. Besides the iron and the oil to be burned, it is necessary there should be air and high temperature. "What is iron? what is oil? There are many kinds of oil. The word oil is a collective name for certain vegetable and animal substances which contain three totally different elements. One constituent alone of the atmosphere (oxygen) plays a part in combustion. By combustion iron increases in weight, and the air in which it has taken place diminishes in weight in the same proportion. Air, in which the oil burns, becomes heavier, and its increase in weight is equal to that of the oil consumed." The iron has taken oxygen from the air; the oil has added carbon to the air.

Liebig justly notices the excessive difficulty of really good observation. It is an art only acquired by long practice and culture. People speak of facts with a confidence which, to the philosopher, is quite amusing. He is as ready as they can be, even more so, to admit the validity of facts; but he is not so ready to admit that the observations they christen by that name are true facts. "The man," says Liebig, "who only sees with his eyes an object before him has no claim to the title of an observer, which is reserved for him who takes notice of the different parts of the object, and sees the connexion between the parts and the whole." There are "facts" to support every absurdity. No speculation was ever so baseless as not to have some "facts" on which to rest. But "many individuals overlook the half of an event through carelessness; another adds to what he observes the creation of his own imagination; whilst a third, who sees sufficiently distinctly the different parts of the whole, confounds together things which ought to be kept separate." Liebig gives an amusing illustration of the value of evidence furnished by uncultivated witnesses. "In the Goeltz trial, in Darmstadt, the female attendants who *washed and clothed* the body observed on it neither arms nor head; another witness saw one arm and a head the size of a man's fist; a third, a physician, saw both head and arms of the usual size."

We cannot pass over a misconception to which Liebig has given his countenance in this Letter, and which will probably gain currency among readers prone to believe in the marvellous. He says: "We are acquainted with animals possessing *teeth*, and organs of motion and *digestion*, which are totally invisible to the naked eye. Other animals exist which, when measured, are found to be many hundred of times smaller, and which, nevertheless, possess the same apparatus." This is altogether erroneous. He is alluding to the Infusoria; but no microscopist now accepts the statement of Ehrenberg respecting the complex organization of these animals; and even those who might permit such a stretch of language as to speak of the *digestive* organs of an animalcule, would reject such a word as "*teeth*."

Another error must also be noted here, as it is one of importance to those who amuse themselves with speculations on organic phenomena—it belongs to the uncorrected statements of the earlier editions. The great and most marked distinction, he says, between organic and inorganic bodies lies in the former being combinations of a higher or more complex order; and it is in consequence of their greater number of elementary atoms that they are so much more decomposable than inorganic bodies. Nothing can be more plausible than his theory. Two atoms, he says, united into a compound, can only attract each other in one direction; the entire amount of their attracting force manifests itself in this single direction. If a second and a third atom be added to the group, part of the force will be required to attract and retain these atoms also. The natural consequence is that

the attraction of all the atoms for each other becomes weaker, and they therefore oppose a less powerful resistance than the first two atoms previously opposed to external causes tending to displace them. He adduces as examples salt, or cinnabar, and sugar. A particle of salt presents a group of not more than two atoms, whilst an atom of sugar contains thirty-six elementary atoms, and the smallest particle of olive-oil consists of several hundred atoms. In the salt, the affinity or attraction is exerted only in one direction—in the atom of sugar, on the contrary, it is acting in thirty-six different directions. Without adding or withdrawing any element, we may conceive the thirty-six simple atoms of which every particle of sugar is composed to be arranged in a thousand different ways; and with every alteration in the position of a single atom, the compound atom ceases to be an atom of sugar, since the properties belonging to it change with every alteration in the arrangement of its constituent atoms. From this theory Liebig deduces the instability of organic bodies.

But how does the theory accord with fact? Why, very ill; for numberless facts may be adduced showing that organic bodies are *not* more unstable—not more easily decomposable than all inorganic bodies. As a general statement, we may admit the readiness with which all organic bodies are decomposed by external agencies—that is one of the facts constantly forced on our observation. But this must not be exaggerated; above all, it must not be made an absolute ground of distinction between organic and inorganic bodies, for nothing is more certain than that many inorganic bodies are *more* readily decomposable than the organic. Let us take one of the highest of organic bodies, albumen, and compare it with the iodide of nitrogen, which may be decomposed by the slightest touch of a feather—with carbonate of ammonia, or sulphuretted hydrogen, and many other compounds, which are decomposed by the action of light or atmosphere—with the numerous substances which are decomposed by a slight elevation of temperature, or contact with water—and we shall find that albumen, unstable though it be, has tenfold the stability of these simpler compounds. Compare sugar and starch with fulminating mercury, or the ammoniacal oxide of silver, both of which latter substances are decomposed by the slightest rubbing; whereas sugar and starch, as every one knows, are not to be decomposed by any amount of friction.

There are many other theories in these Letters—notably those on Animal Heat, and on the plastic and respiratory qualities of Food—which remain as they were in the earlier editions, uncorrected in their statements, in spite of their being no longer on a level with the science of 1859. But this is no place to discuss such large questions; and when every deduction is made, the critic must still say that few books deserve a place in the library of every cultivated man better than Liebig's *Chemical Letters*.

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